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{ From Beginning,
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THE WHITBY SMACK.

"SHE ought to be in, she ought to be in,
Here's another moon begun;
She sail'd last Friday was a week,
And it is but a four days' run.

"I've left our Jane at home,
She'll not sleep nor bite, poor lass;
Just toss her wedding clothes about,
And stare at the falling glass.

"The banns were out last week, you see;
And to-day — alack, alack,
Young George has other gear to mind,
Out there, out there in the smack!

"I bade her dry her tears,
Or share them with another,
And go down yonder court and try
To comfort Willie's mother.

"The poor old widow'd soul,
Laid helpless in her bed;
She prays for the touch of her one son's hand,
The sound of his cheery tread.

"She ought to be in, her timbers were stout;
She would ride through the roughest gale,
Well found and mann'd — but the hours drag
on;
It was but a four days' sail."

Gravely and sadly the sailor spoke,
Out on the great Ker head;
Sudden a bronzed old fishwife turn'd,
From the anxious group, and said,

"Jenny will find her lovers anew;
And Anne has one foot in the grave;
We've lived together twenty year,
I and my poor old Dave.

"I've a runlet of whisky fresh for him
And 'bacca again he comes back,
He said he'd bide this winter ashore,
After the trip in the smack.

"We have neither chick nor child of us,
Our John were drown'd last year;
There is nothing on earth, but Dave, for me.
Why there's nought in the wind to fear.

"He's been out in many a coarser sea.
I'll set the fire alight;
We said, 'Our Father' before he went;
The smack will be in to-night."

And just as down in the westward
The light rose, pale and thin,
With her bulwarks stove, and her foresail
gone,
The smack came staggering in.

With one worn face at her rudder,
And another beside her mast;
But George, and Willie, and staunch old Dave?
Why, ask the waves and the blast.

Ask the sea that broke aboard her,
Just as she swung her round;
Ask the squall that swept above her,
With death in its ominous sound.

"The master saw," the sailor said,
"A face past the gunwale go;"
And Jack heard, "Jane," ring shrill through
the roar;
And that is all we know.

I can't tell. Parson says grief is wrong,
And pining is wilful sin;
But I'd like to hear how those two died,
Before the smack came in.

Well, this morning the flags fly half-mast head,
In beautiful Whitby Bay;
That's all we shall know till the roll is read,
On the last great Muster-day.

LIFE IN DEATH.

SOME say that death and sleep are twins: have
they
E'er seen Death clothed in garments quaint
and rare?

Or watched the living sunshine, laughing play
On the cold polished brow and waveless
hair?

This dumb negation, with the solemn sky
Shining on its white lips, from all around
Divorced as far as some lone mystery,
With marble face amid the desert found.

This chill prophetic Presence claims no tie
With the bright world, around, above, be-
neath, —

Blank and austere, a crownless majesty,
Inscrutable — immitigable Death!

And yet she lives: forever and forever
Still floats the solemn hymn throughout the
dome

As if it sought, with passionate endeavour,
To reach all hearts and bear its glad truth
home.

Not the dark moral of the Pagan world,
Its painted cheeks and false illusions fair,
Now here, now past, as when a banner furled
No longer spreads its blazoned pomp to air.

For them this life was as a dream, and death
The one reality; with us nought dies.
Beauty to them but transitory breath,
To us th' eternal smile of paradise!

These gracious scenes, which with a rare de-
light

And charm divine have banqueted the eye,
Wore chastened hues to them, and shone less
bright,
Sharing the doom of frail mortality.

With us they claim a bright inheritance,
And shine emancipate from Death's con-
trol —

They perish not with perishable sense,
But live eternal in th' eternal soul.

ISA BLAGDEN.

From The Edinburgh Review.
KEW GARDENS.*

CAN we wonder that the citizens of London have for ages been drawn, as if by some irresistible impulse, westward; beckoned onward, as it were, by the splendid beauty of the setting sun? In our own time we have seen the famous Gardens of Vauxhall, where Pepys tells us the nightingales used to sing so sweetly, swallowed up in the advancing tide of brick and mortar, and Kensington Gardens, where, within the memory of many middle-aged men, squirrels were as plentiful as blackberries, are now caged in by a suburb, until they are not more retired than a square in Bloomsbury. Westward still the great wave of human life is advancing, until our last open space yet, thank God, open to the pure country fields in the form of a public pleasure-ground, is in the Royal Gardens at Kew. Like the Hampton Court Palace Gardens, they have flourished under the favour of the Crown for many reigns, and the forest-like pleasure-grounds have had time to form a deep setting of noble trees round the Botanical Gardens, brilliant with flowers and exotic plants gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is true they did not pass into the possession of the Crown until the beginning of the last century, but for a century before, a residence known as Kew House, with these grounds, was in the possession of Lord Capel, and from him fell into the hands of Mr. Molyneux, who married his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Capel; so that these noble grounds, at least as far as the Arboretum or forestial portion is concerned, have been in careful cultivation for at least two hundred years. Mr.

Molyneux's connection with the Court, as Secretary to the Prince of Wales, son of King George II., and father of George III., appears to have drawn the attention of that Prince to the charming situation of these grounds, and induced him in the year 1730 to take a long lease of them from the Capel family. At that time the estate consisted of about 250 acres, bounded, to speak broadly, by the Richmond Road, the old Royal Deer Park, and the river Thames. In the time of George II., when these grounds were first laid out for his son, the Chinese fashion in gardening was in vogue, and the grounds round the present lake by the Palm-house were designed after the fashion of the picture in the old-fashioned willow-pattern plate. In the old lake there was an island crossed by an apparently inaccessible Chinese bridge, not far off a Chinese Tai House, and as if to give a still more cosmopolitan character to the grounds, a Turkish Temple and an Assembly Room, the style of which, as set forth in Sir William Chambers' perspective view of it, it would be hard to guess at. The Great Pagoda, however, which still stands in handsome preservation some little distance off, in the midst of the Arboretum or pleasure-ground, is the only vestige of this Sinesian garden folly of the seventeenth century now remaining. The classical folly still exists. Sir William Chambers, as we all can see, capped artificial mounts with Temples of the Wind, Temples of the Sun, Temples of Victory and of Minden; now either entirely empty or tenanted by a stray bust or two of departed heroes, which look wonderfully cold and miserable in their deserted shrines.

These so-called Classical temples and buildings in the gardens were erected under the direction of the Princess Augusta, the relict of the Prince of Wales, by whom the exotic department of the garden was commenced. All vestiges of her glass stoves have, however, given way to new buildings more fitted to the advanced appliances of our day; one noble building, however, still remains—the old Orangery, a heavy but imposing-looking conservatory (marked by the date

* 1. *A Description of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew, in Surrey; with an Engraving thereto in Perspective.* By SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

2. *Official Guide to the Kew Museums: a Handbook to the Museums of Economic Botany of the Royal Gardens, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

3. *Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens and Pleasure-Grounds, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., Keeper of the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, and Professor of Botany in University College, London. Twenty-seventh Edition. London: 1872.

4. *Reports on the Progress and Condition of the Royal Gardens at Kew.* By Dr. J. D. HOOKER. 1872.

1761 over the portal of the building), where once the blooming fruit flourished, but now devoted to specimens of Colonial timber. Under the guidance of William Aiton, the author of "*Hortus Kewensis*," published in 1789, the Gardens were enriched with a large number of foreign plants. During his time and that of his son, W. Townsend Aiton, Esq., who was an especial favourite of George III., these gardens were the receptacle of the riches in horticulture collected and brought over by Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and Captain Flinders, in their voyages round the world. In addition to these Mr. Allen Cunningham brought home from Australia many rare plants, and the expeditions of Bowie and Masson to Brazil and to the Cape of Good Hope furnished the Gardens with singular products of the Southern Hemisphere. With the reign of the poor blind king (who by the way, spent the last years of his life in the quaint old red-brick palace seen from the lawn) the value of Kew Gardens as a scientific centre of botanical and horticultural science gradually declined, the two succeeding monarchs taking little interest in the establishment, and spending but little upon it. With the first years of the present Queen's reign, during which such vigour seemed to be infused into the scientific life of the nation, the first movement was made which transformed the Gardens from an effete royal establishment into the noble grounds which, under its able directors, has become the most famous botanic garden in Europe. In the year 1838, in consequence of the general feeling that the Gardens should be placed upon a different footing, and thrown open to the public as a great popular and scientific institution, at the instigation of Lord John Russell, a Committee was appointed to inquire into their management and condition. In 1840 the inquiry resulted in a report by Dr. Lindley, which recommended that the Royal Botanic Garden, the pleasure-grounds, and the Richmond Deer Park should be transferred to Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, and this arrangement was immediately carried out; but subsequently the

management has been divided between two departments, the gardens and pleasure-grounds passing to the Works and Public Buildings Department, and the remainder to the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenue Office. The Botanic Gardens in 1841 received as its Director, on the resignation of Mr. Aiton, Sir William Hooker, and from the day of the advent of this distinguished botanist the fame of the national establishment immediately began to re-assert itself. The proposal of Dr. Lindley, in his report to Government, gradually, under the care of this distinguished Director, became an established fact:—"A National Garden ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged: they should all be under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything that is useful in the Vegetable Kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be able to obtain authentic and official information on points connected with the founding of new colonies; it would afford plants there required, without its being necessary as now to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance." In order to give space for these improvements, however, considerably more room was required than could be found in the original Botanic Gardens, which at the time of the transfer from the Crown consisted of only eleven acres. This portion of the old Royal Domain was at once opened to the public, together with its plant-houses and museums, as they then existed. These inadequate limits were soon increased by the grounds immediately about the Orangery and the Conservatory, which gave an additional four acres; the Pinetum was subsequently added by the Queen. This land, which was contig-

uous with the pleasure-ground, afforded room for a collection of plants of the pine tribe, and for the erection of the Palm-stove, which was built in 1848, and for the lake in its modern form—an addition of forty-seven acres. In 1846-7 the Royal Kitchen and Forcing Grounds were incorporated with the Botanical Gardens, making an additional seventy-five acres in all. In 1861 Decimus Burton commenced the building of the Temperate House, which lies in the avenue terminated by the old Pagoda. The Arboretum, or pleasure-grounds, were, after the death of the late King of Hanover, thrown open to the public. These grounds, which the non-scientific public greatly esteem on account of the beautiful timber they contain, comprise an additional 270 acres, and in addition to this, the old Royal Deer Park, of about 400 acres, now belongs to the Woods and Forest Department, affording almost unlimited space for the extension of the Gardens when more space is required. These beautiful enclosures have, in short, grown up piece by piece, like the British Constitution, by grants and arrangements with the Crown, and they now form the finest horticultural establishment in the world, without cavil or dispute. It is needless to say that to give a full account of the Gardens in a botanical sense would occupy volumes. As, however, we are writing for the intelligent visitor, and not for the professional botanist, we shall probably satisfy him by pointing out the main features worthy of attention in the Garden and its museums.

The public are more familiar with the entrance from the Green, than with any of the other entrances from the Richmond Road, or from the towing-path facing the Brentford and Isleworth ferries. The fine old gateway, a specimen of ironwork but rarely met with, seems to smile upon the holiday folks who hot from toiling over the Kew Bridge, built after the Chinese ideas of such a structure, are gratified both in eye and mind by the luxuriant verdure that meets their eye immediately they pass these portals. It is no spick-and-span new garden they look

upon; the turf speaks of ages of careful culture, the trees rise to a noble altitude, and their foliage strikes them as something rare and beautiful. And well it may; for the spot immediately within view is the old Arboretum. Here for two hundred years at least all the rare trees of the old and new world have been collected and carefully tended. The buildings, too, wear an air of picturesque beauty which speaks of the past. The old Kew Palace, somewhat retired on the right hand, speaks of the days when solid buildings in fine red-brick, which harmonized so well with the verdure around, was a living fashion. It seems, like all the old buildings of that age, to have a history, and that history, as we know, was associated with the latter years of the poor, blind, old king, which were spent within its walls. At that time the grounds around the palace were not nearly so open as they are now, the paths wound about amid shrubs; and here, on one occasion, as Fanny Burney tells us in her autobiography, the poor king, escaping from his keepers, pursued her, as she fled terrified through the garden to escape him. Here, also, Queen Charlotte lived many years after his decease, and closed her days. But scientifically as well as socially this spot is famous. Looking over the wire fence which separates the royal grounds from the garden—for they still belong to the Crown—we see a sun-dial mounted on an antique pedestal. This site marks one of the greatest astronomical triumphs of the past. The curious spectator may not have an opportunity of reading the inscription which is engraved upon it, which we therefore give.

On this spot, in 1725, the Rev. James Bradley made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries—the aberration of light, and the nutation of the earth's axis. The telescope he used had been erected by Samuel Molyneux, Esq., in a house which afterwards became a Royal residence, and was taken down in 1803. To perpetuate the memory of so important a station, this dial was placed on it in 1832 by command of His Most Gracious Majesty King. William the Fourth.

Thus by a most happy coincidence this

ground may be considered sacred to the great explorers of the skies and the earth—the one a searcher of the starry heavens, the other, of the rarities of mother earth; and in the names of Bradley, the Astronomer Royal, and Sir William Hooker, the creator, so to speak, of these gardens in a scientific sense, may be traced the origin of the two scientific establishments, the Kew Gardens and the Kew Observatory.

But to turn once more to the cool shade of the noble trees which tempt the lounge, scientific or otherwise, in these delightful gardens. As we have said, many of them are now in their prime, and all are more or less rare as well as beautiful. Very many of them are exotic, and were removed here by the Duke of Argyll, termed by Horace Walpole "the tree-monger," from his famous garden at Whitton near Hounslow. Among the most umbrageous of these trees we may note the Turkey or Mossy-Cupped oak of South Europe and Asia Minor. The noble spreading branches of this tree always attract the visitor, and around the Cork oak near at hand it has been found necessary to put up an iron fence to keep off visitors, the tree having been nearly destroyed by the anxiety of the curious to take away trophies of its living bark. On the lawn near the pathway leading to the Herbaceous Grounds may be seen a weeping willow that possesses an historic interest inasmuch as it is grown from a cutting taken from the tree growing over the grave in which the Emperor Napoleon was buried at St. Helena. We perceive in Museum No. 1 a portion of the oak-tree under which the great Duke stood and gave his orders at Waterloo; a seat should be made of this, in order that the visitor may, at his ease, contemplate the relic of the great Emperor. Near at hand is a very curious tree, the Hop Hornbeam, so called on account of the blossoms resembling those of the hop. The black walnut of the United States, and the common walnut grow side by side. Near the old Orangery, which stands with such a commanding presence, an example of the large manner of its constructor, Sir William Chambers, even in small things, are some noble specimens of oaks, one specimen of which, the Evergreen, or Holm Oak of Southern Europe, should not be overlooked. The tints of some of these trees are lovely in the autumn, and make us regret that the old habit of planting them in our parks has completely gone out. There

is a fashion in trees and tree-planting as in most other things. For these last fifty years the deciduous trees which make autumn so glorious in the parks of Old England, have given way to trees of the evergreen kind, to such an extent that they are now scarcely procurable in the nurseries of this country. Thus, when it was determined lately to plant some of the vistas radiating from the Great Palm-house with the rarer specimens of hardy deciduous trees, it was found necessary to procure them from foreign nurseries! The last popular fashion is for the Deodar Cedar, which is clothing the pleasure-grounds of England with its beautiful drooping foliage. The *Araucaria imbricata*, or the Puzzle Monkey as it is popularly called, is another conifer that is making a steady footing in our pleasure-grounds, but it is only lately that it has been spread about largely by the nurseryman. In the old Arboretum, through which we are still strolling with the reader, is a specimen, which was planted as long ago as 1792. When Sir William Hooker was first appointed Director of the Gardens he found this tree sheltered by a small hut-like structure, the supposition being that it was only half-hardy and could not withstand the rigour of our winters. We may notice here by the way that this testing of plants as regards their powers of becoming thoroughly acclimatized, is one of the most important functions of the establishment. Associated as this botanical establishment is with kindred institutions in our colonies throughout the globe, of which, indeed, it is the nursing mother, it follows that plants and seeds are constantly arriving the very nature and habits of which are as yet unknown, but they are here tested, and if found suitable to our climate, are spread throughout the land through the agency of the nurserymen. By this means enormous sums of money have been thrown into their hands, some single plants having sufficed to make the fortunes of some of the leading firms; but, as we shall show, they have returned the favour with interest.

Notwithstanding our desire to see the old fashion revived of planting deciduous trees in preference to the unchangeable evergreens, we cannot help regretting there are so few Cedars of Lebanon in these gardens. These trees were a fashion of our ancestors. They are said to have been introduced to this country by Evelyn in 1691. This being true, it disposes of very many pretty tales connected with

this majestic tree. For instance, it is fondly repeated by many a pleasure-party that floats past the Duke of Northumberland's grounds at Sion House, on the other side of the Thames, that Lady Jane Grey received notice of her accession to the crown whilst sitting under one of the fine cedars in these grounds. Be that as it may, however, there can be but little doubt that the Cedar of Lebanon gives an expression of grand repose to a garden which we fail to find in any other tree. How much do some of our old hereditary houses owe to their solemn grandeur—a type of the persistent historic life of their possessors? Of old there stood a fine avenue of these noble cedars in this Arboretum. They were planted about the year 1700. Of these there only now remains a fine old stump covered with ivy. It is very much to be regretted that as they decayed some younger cedars were not replanted. There are many very exaggerated ideas afloat relative to their slow growth. The size of many existing trees which cannot be two hundred years old if it be really true that Evelyn first introduced them, testifying to the contrary.

But the rare trees we have mentioned are not confined to the small space which formed the old Arboretum, and covered only five acres. The adjacent lawns are also planted with them, some of which have an unmistakable foreign appearance. For instance, the visitor is immediately struck by the appearance of the United States palm and the Chusan palm, comparatively low trees, which meet his view immediately he enters the garden. The Oriental appearance of these makes him for a moment believe that he is in an Eastern palace. A very slight protection is all that is required for them in the winter. Near to these singular trees the *Yucca gloriosa* sends up its tall spire of white flowers; they are nearly allied to the Aloes, and the visitor for a moment thinks that he has the good fortune to see that plant in blossom, which, however, he may have done this very summer by visiting Stove-house No. 5, where the so-called Century Palm was in bloom for the first time in this country.

But what is that delicious scent that is wafted to us as we advance? The *Magnolia grandiflora* with its pure white blossoms scattered amid the grand foliage of the beautiful tree, at once strikes the eye with its beauty, and answers the question. We may wander for hours amid these fine trees without tiring our-

selves; but as we hear the Great Lily is just out, let us make our way to the T-shaped stove-house, which is close at hand. What a delicious scent greets us as we enter! and what a glorious sight this peerless lily presents, seated amid her green island-like leaves! Well may the famous botanist Haenke have fallen upon his knees when he discovered it, and expressed his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in his works. But grand as the plant is, in this humid stove, under the tropic sun and in the noble waters of the Amazon, it appears to this one as a giant to a pigmy. There the flower is upwards of a foot in diameter, and the leaves measure as much as eight feet across, and are capable of bearing half a hundred weight. But comparatively dwarfed as it appears under artificial treatment, it is still surprising. The study of the evolution of leaf and flower for a day or two is most interesting. The bud, which makes its appearance from beneath the water in a few hours, as rapidly opens when it is clear of it. The bursting of the bud is accompanied by a slight noise, and immediately the house is flooded with a delicious perfume, somewhat like that of the magnolia, only more delicate. As you watch the petals slowly unfold, at first the flower appears of a creamy white; but in a few hours, as its cup-like form fully opens, the most delicate pink is seen to tinge them; but the bloom lasts only for a few hours, as they perish the day of their birth, and new blooms come up and repeat the glory. But the evolution of the leaves is scarcely less interesting, if not quite so beautiful. They first appear on the surface of the water curled up, with their deep midribs strongly marked, and here and there armed with long thorn-like spikes. Coiled up like a hedgehog they first make their appearance in this world; on their putting off their defensive attitude, they slowly unfold their beauty to the sky; appearing at first with a deep rim, which doubtless induced the natives to call them "water platters;" and so they unfold, until at last the circular leaf lies flat upon the silver flood, an emblem of perfect repose, moored by its rope-like stem to the central root. Let us hope that a larger tank may be afforded to this beauty to display her ample setting of emerald leaves. As it is, they crowd up and over the stone margin of their tank, and give the spectator a sense of the plant being crushed and crowded. But we must not, even by the grandeur

of the *Victoria regia*, be prevented from noticing the extreme beauty of the under side of the leaves of another lily close at hand — *Euryale ferox*. These leaves are not nearly so large as those of the *Victoria* lily; but either by accident or by design one of them was twisted upon its stalk, so as to show its under side — a perfect marvel of colour. The leaf itself is like a piece of reddish-purple satin, whilst the prominent midribs are a rich amber. It seems a pity that such a beautiful sight should only meet the human eye by accident.

Not far from this tank the curious may note several varieties of the pitcher-plant. The bottom of the deep pitchers, which are suspended from this singular tree, is generally filled with water; and as the inside edge of the pitcher is frilled round with a series of fine hairs pointing downward, it would seem as though Nature intended it as first a lure to attract insects, and then as a trap to hold them, as they do not appear to be able to surmount the fringe of hairs which prevents their exit. The pitchers are therefore full of drowned insects. Some of these receptacles hold two quarts of water, and, notwithstanding the flies, are sought for by the thirsty traveller with avidity. Near this plant is another — *Nepa fruticans* — a low stemless palm, bearing a large head of nuts, that grows in the tidal waters of the Indian Ocean. Dr. Hooker tells us in his Himalayan Journal that there is a particular interest attaching to this plant in a geological sense, inasmuch as the nuts of a similar plant have been found abounding in the tertiary formations at the mouth of the Thames; and must have floated about there in great profusion till buried deep in the salt and sand that now form the island of Sheppey. Young palms of different species fill up the surrounding benches, and on the western wall the *Vanilla planifolia* is trained, yielding the famous flavouring fruit. The houses forming the two arms of this stove-house are devoted to economic plants, both tropical and temperate. Of the growth of fruits and condiments we daily eat, how few of us have any knowledge; of the fibres that yield us garments, not one in a hundred is as familiar as it ought to be. Here we may find the coffee-tree grow, the cotton-plant bearing the cotton-pods, the clove-tree, the ginger-plant, the India-rubber tree, the nutmeg-tree, and a score of others that we have not space to mention. The teaching power of these stove-houses is far beyond anything the

public can gain from books, because here they have the facts printed, as it were, direct from Nature upon the inquiring brain, in a manner which is pleasant and rarely forgotten. Here and there Nature in her economy gives us products that are almost humorous in their character. Let us note, for instance, the sack-tree. By merely soaking and beating its trunk, the bark is sufficiently loosened to turn inside out, a section of the bark being left at the end to form the bottom of the sack. In the museum at the end of the Herbaceous Garden the visitor will see one of these sacks. This is an example of the application of these museums in giving to the public a view of the ultimate use of these economic trees.

In the northern wing of this cruciform house the visitor should not forget to see the (*Venus Flytrap*), *Dionaea muscipula*, another enigma of nature. The irritability of the lobes of the fringed blades of the leaf is so great that, upon an insect alighting upon them and touching any of the minute bristles upon the surfaces, they close upon it like a pair of sugar-tongs and imprison it — who shall say for what ultimate purpose this automatic engine of destruction was devised?

Striking northward towards the Palm-stove which gleams in the sun, let us take in our way the Water-lily house, or tropical aquarium. The small tank in this house is mainly occupied by the papyrus, the first paper-making material of which we have any knowledge. The flowering stems contain a pith which is cut into strips with their margins overlapping; these strips are crossed by others at right angles, and by means of pressure are consolidated into the writing paper of the ancients. It seems strange that after so many thousand years we should have come back to a similar material for the manufacture of paper. Esparto grass now forms the broad-sheet of many London daily papers. Common straw is also largely used, and the woody fibre of the Norway pine is now making its way into the market for the same manufacture. Among the graceful papyrus float several beautiful species of water-lilies, the most interesting of which is the *Nymphaea gigantea*, an Australian lily whose flowers, of a most delicate blue, measure twelve inches across. Some of the lotus tribe have red and white blossoms. A very curious plant to be seen in a tub in this house is the water-lettuce of tropical countries, of which only the skeleton appears. The triangular tanks

at the corners of the house are filled with the Sacred Lotus of the early Egyptians, and which is so often found delineated on their monuments. The graceful appearance of this plant immediately strikes the attention, independently of its interesting associations with the past. We can liken the setting on of its leaves to nothing more nearly than to that of the Nasturtium, only their colour is of a more tender green, whilst the flower is a most delicate pink, with seed-pods like a top, in the flat upper surface of which the seeds are set separately at equal distances. No more graceful plant could find a place in private tropical aquariums than the Sacred Lotus. Near at hand is the very remarkable Telegraph Plant of India, so called from the spontaneous jerking motion of the lateral leaflets, which are alternately raised and depressed. This is one of the curiosities of the Gardens, and seems to hold the visitors with a sort of mesmeric attraction. The Caricature Plant is close at hand. The variegation of the colour on its leaves often assumes very curious forms, hence its name; but we confess that we have rarely seen any irregularity which could be said to take the character of a caricature. But from these frivolities of Nature, so to speak, the eye is irresistibly attracted by the lovely colour of the common rice plant, the great food-producer of the teeming millions of Asia, India, and the Southern States of America. From the small seed-plots we see flourishing here, of the colour of the heart of a lettuce, we can imagine the delicious repose vast swamps of it must give to the eye in the torrid East and on the parched plains of the South.

It is but a step to what seems to the public the central sun of the gardens—the Palm-stove. This is we believe the largest tropical house in existence, its entire length being 362 ft. by 100 ft. in width, and 66 feet in height. What a noble prison-house it is for the captured forest trees of the tropics, and how healthy and luxuriant the captives look! The visitor is transported to the torrid zone, and finds the blaze of light shadowed by the curved leaves of the palms, which make dim arcades of shade as he pushes through them, whilst the humid heat helps to carry out the deception; only one thing seems wanting—a few bright-coloured birds to make the picture perfect. But we forget: mere illusions, however delightful, are not sought after here, but facts, and they are sufficiently

pleasant and enticing to need no adventitious help. Graceful as is the foliage of these palms, they may be termed economic plants in the highest degree, as many of them provide food and wine, water, clothing, and cordage to the inhabitants of the arid country in which they grow. In many cases, indeed, they may be said to be the tree of life, affording at once shelter, food, and drink to those who seek them. Visitors who enter these houses to seek information will find each plant duly labelled, so that they have no difficulty in ascertaining their names and the class and order to which they belong. They may, therefore, be considered living picture-books. Indeed, this may be said of the whole garden, from the meanest weed that grows in the Herbaceous Grounds to the noblest trees; and, in this sense, the value of it as a public instructor is inestimable, and the more so that the knowledge they afford is given insensibly, whilst indeed the loungee thinks he is merely enjoying himself. Among such a tangled mass of verdure we have only space or time to refer to a few of the more graceful or valuable in an economic sense; and in doing so we cannot avoid availing ourselves of the valuable and interesting guides to these gardens by Daniel Oliver, Esq., the keeper of the Herbarium. They are models of what such guides should be, clear in description, full of facts, and without one superfluous word.

Arenga saccharifera, as its name implies, is a palm yielding abundant saccharine matter, which by fermentation makes an excellent wine—red and white—each tree yielding on an average three quarts daily. Marco Polo says, "When they want wine, they cut a branch of this, and attach a quart pot to the stem of the tree, at the place where the branch was cut; in a day and a night they will find the pot filled. Its fibrous integument makes incorruptible cordage, and the cellular pith of the trunk affords abundant sago-meal. Close beside this wine and meal-giving tree is a Brazilian palm—*Astrocaryum rostratum*. The sight of this tree of ferocious habit reminds one of the fierce tiger that lies in wait amid the verdure of tropic climes. Every leaf is beset with powerful spines, which mark the midribs of the leaves, and are arranged in rings around the stem. Any traveller making his way in the forest would certainly feel the force of these talon-like projections, which justify its classification among the ferocious genus. *Caryota urens*, another

palm, is a native of India, remarkable for its divided leaves and wedge-shaped leaflets. This is another wine-giving tree. It would seem as though Nature in very hot climates compensated mankind for the extreme heat by affording natural fountains of refreshment to the inhabitants. Roxburgh in his "Flora Indica" says, "This tree is highly valuable to the natives of the countries where it grows in plenty. It yields them during the hot season an immense quantity of toddy or palm wine. I have been informed that the best trees will yield at the rate of a hundred pints in the twenty-four hours. The pith, or farinaceous part of the trunk of old trees, is said to be equal to the best sago; the natives make it into bread and boil it into gruel." Thus bread and wine may be said to be the fruit of this beautiful palm. We cannot fail to recognize the tall and beautiful cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*), which lifts its head crowned with graceful plumes above the other trees. This palm, which is universal in tropical countries, perhaps yields a more varied produce to mankind than any other tree; indeed, it is popularly said that its uses are as numerous as the days of the year. The gigantic leaves of the Talipot Palm of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago, which casts such a shade, naturally suggested one of its principal uses — the construction of tents. The West Indian fan-palm (*Sabal umbraculifera*) is another specimen of the broad-leaved class of palm, the leaves measuring from four to six feet in diameter, and growing to a height of sixty to eighty feet; in this stove it is comparatively short, but the breadth of foliage contrasts richly with the more plume-like class of leaves. A very beautiful palm is *Phytelephas macrocarpa* — the Vegetable Ivory Palm. The peculiarity of this palm is that the stem, instead of being erect, trails along the ground, sometimes for twenty feet, before it begins to rise, and then it lifts its head barely more than three or four feet. The seeds which produce the vegetable ivory are found in hard clustered capsules. This ivory is used for turning purposes, the cheaper kinds of chessmen being made from it. The beautiful fan-like arrangement of *Urania speciosa*, the Travellers' Tree of Madagascar, draws attention to one of the most valuable trees of the tropics — a tree yielding pure water. Ellis in his "Madagascar" tells us —

This tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying

to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. Having formerly been somewhat sceptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep, into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its juncture with the trunk, and on drawing it back a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet.

We are not aware whether in the Palm-stove this water, which to the thirsty traveller must seem like a direct gift from God, is yielded; if so, and the tree was not injured by it, a trial now and then before the public would be deeply interesting. At each end of the stove there are staircases, which lead to and from the gallery, from which a view of the heads of the palm-trees is obtained. Near the ascent staircase is a very remarkable groupe of Screw-pines, so called from the likeness of their leaves to that of the pine-apple. The great peculiarity of these palms is the manner in which they throw out adventitious roots above ground, which serve as buttress-like supports to the tree. The *Bambusa vulgaris*, close to the staircase, is a specimen of the rapidity of growth of this cane, which, like the *Bambusa gigantea*, is rapidly reaching the glass roof. It has been observed to grow at the rate of eighteen inches per diem; and this very specimen has reached to the gallery from the ground in three months! The uses of the Bamboo are almost too numerous to mention; and in the Museum No. 2, at the end of the ornamental water, opposite this building, hundreds of specimens of articles manufactured from it may be observed. Among the smaller specimens in this house, the magnificent *Doryanthes excelsa*, an Australian lily, which, like the country of its birth, is on a magnificent scale, throws up flowering stems of 20 feet in height, having clusters of crimson flowers 12 to 18 inches in diameter. Let us notice also *Girardinia Leschenaultiana*. This is a most virulent Indian nettle. The late Curator of the Gardens was stung by it on one occasion, when his hand swelled to double its normal size, and he was disabled for at least a couple of hours, when the inflammation gradually subsided. Before ascending the staircase, we must not forget to notice *A. toxicaria* — the deadly Upas tree. Dr. Horsefield says:

This is one of the largest in the forests of Java; the stem is cylindrical and perpendicu-

lar, rising completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. Close to the ground the bark is, in old trees, more than an inch thick, and upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice, from which the celebrated poison is prepared. In clearing new grounds near the tree, the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But except when the trunk is extensively wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvia of which mixing with the atmosphere, affects the persons exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the common trees of the forest.

Thus it will be seen that the popular notion as to the deadly shade of the Upas tree, which the poets make so much of, is by no means to be taken as literally true. As long as its stem remains intact indeed, it appears to be harmless; it is only the juice which contaminates the air with poison. Ascending the spiral iron staircase, we have a full view of the crowns of the palm-trees, and the manner of their being thrown off from the main stem. The unfolding of some of the leaves may be observed, showing the tender green of that portion of them which has just seen the light. Some of the creepers which ascend the staircase and surround the gallery show the prolific nature of these plants; and some of the flowers are magnificent in color. High, however, as we have ascended, it will be seen that the tropical trees have shot still upwards, and the flora of the warm latitudes is threatening to touch the glass roof. Since the introduction of glass as a protection against the weather, there has been a struggle to lift it high enough to keep pace with tropical growths. Like the contest between guns and armour-plating, there has been an incessant struggle between Art and Nature in the stove-houses. At first the old Orangery was employed to preserve the plants and trees requiring heat, but the palms and pines speedily shot up to its comparatively-speaking low roof, and had to be cut down to suit the capabilities of the house. Decimus Burton lifted this roof to 66 feet; but we now see the bamboos lifting up their verdure to the glass, and some of the palms will shortly touch it and — but here the contest is ended by the triumph of the trees. It may be asked, Why may not the glass roof be made to lift so as to accommodate these tropic growths? This, no doubt, would be easy of accomplishment by means of

telescopic columns that could be lifted by machinery; but when we remember that some of the trees now in this Palm-house acquire an ordinary height of from 100 to 180 feet, we fear the victory must be left with Nature and the flora, inasmuch as lifting the roof to anything like this height would involve difficulties in sending heat to such altitudes. Such, at least, is the present view; possibly a few years may enlarge our ideas and our capacity for action in the matter, as it has in so many other cases. Meantime, we must submit to see the glorious leaders of the palms cut down and their beauty spoilt, or, when they are at their greatest beauty, they must be removed from the house and destroyed, in order to give place to younger trees, which, in their turn, will be nursed at great expense to full treehood to be in like manner degraded — a result, we must confess, greatly to be deplored, and most of all by the learned Director of the garden, who of all men must most regret to see a limit put by Art to the vigorous powers of Nature, which his skill has done so much to foster in these gardens.

If we leave the Palm-house by the middle door looking towards the Sion Vista or northwards, we see, radiating west and east of us, two others: the vista leading past the Temperate-house towards Sir William Chambers' pagoda, and the so-called *Cedar Vista*. These long avenues are not yet completed, but it is sufficient to say that they are lined with deodars and with deciduous trees, those of the old world facing as a rule those of the new. The *Sion Vista* right before us was cut so wide that it admits a torrent of cold air from the north, and the deodars that were planted here, for this reason or from the poverty of the soil, have failed to make any growth. If we follow the *Pagoda Vista* a few hundred yards we come into the pleasure-ground or new Arboretum, in which the new Temperate-house is situated. This building was built after a design by Decimus Burton in 1861. The building consists of a centre 212 feet long by 137 feet broad. There are two octagons 50 feet in diameter, which it is intended to connect with the main building by terminal wings, but as yet the plan is not completed. The glass is tinted a light green by oxide of copper, in order to intercept some of the heat-giving rays of the sun. This arrangement is also adopted in the Palm-stove.

The planting of this house so far away

from the more cultivated part of the garden is appropriate to the flora it contains, dedicated as it is mainly to Australian Forest Trees, and other countries in the far distant South Pacific Ocean. If we ascend the staircase and look down upon the vegetation we see at a glance the distinctive nature of the Australian flora, so different from the vivid verdure of the tropics, or the deep green of the vegetation of the northern latitudes, where Nature, clothed in her dark pine forests, seems to be in solemn mourning. The flora of Australia, to begin with, is remarkably uniform in its character. The gum trees, including the iron, and stringy-bark trees, and the blue, white, swamp, and other gums, have all a uniform complexion. We are told that the Acacias have a remarkable peculiarity in their leaves also, which aids in making them colourless. "The compound, and often greatly divided blade of which usually remains undeveloped, so that the leaf is reduced to a stalk, which, however, to compensate for the want of the blade, is so much flattened as to resemble an ordinary leaf. These flattened leaf-stalks (*phylloids*) may be recognized as such by their vertical direction, being attached as it were *edgewise to the stem*." Near the staircase, an excellent example of this curious character of the leaf, and the method of its setting on, may be observed in the *Acacia Melanoxydon*. It can easily be conceived that the vertical position of the leaves to the stem, different from the horizontal arrangement so common in trees, goes a great way to produce the shadowless aspect of the flora in Australian woods, which Darwin thus notices in his "Voyage of the Beagle":—

The extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure. The trees nearly all belong to one family, and mostly have their leaves placed in a vertical instead of as in Europe in an horizontal position. The foliage is scanty, and of a peculiar pale green tint, without any gloss. Hence the woods appear lightless and shadowless.

One of the blue gum trees of Australia has been planted out at Kew, near the house, and is flourishing. We question, however, whether it will stand the severity of an English winter. But in the South of France, and more especially in

Portugal, these Eucalypti have been introduced and cultivated with extraordinary success. We have seen as many as two hundred varieties of them in the Botanic Garden at Coimbra, and the importation of this tree is a national benefit to the Peninsula. It grows very fast even in a dry and hungry soil; it affords excellent timber; it acts as a disinfectant for unwholesome places; the bark contains an alkaloid febrifuge; the leaves may be smoked; and its uses appear to be innumerable.

Interspersed with these shadowless trees we have mentioned are many, however, in this house growing in the same temperate zone of a totally different character. Let us note, for example, *Araucaria Beddellii*—the Bunga Bunga Pine. This is really a beautiful tree with dark-green, glossy leaves, growing to from 100 to 150 feet high, and producing large cones, the seeds of which are eaten by the aborigines of Moreton Bay, Australia. This pine flowered for the first time in Europe, in this house last year, and the cone may be seen in No. 1 Museum, at the bottom of the ornamental water by the Palm-house. It is said that these trees form the only hereditary property which any of the aborigines are known to possess; each tribe possessing its own group of trees which pass on from generation to generation.

Another very remarkable tree which springs up amid the dingier gums, and is just touching the roof, is the Norfolk Island Pine, the leaves of which forming green platter-like trays, so to speak, at regular intervals on its delicate stem, have a very graceful effect. In its native woods it reaches a height of 200 feet. These beautiful trees have been successfully imported into Europe, and grow with great luxuriance at San Lucar and on the coast of Portugal. New Zealand has many specimens of her trees at Kew; among them, *Kai Katia*, a fine tree—the white pine of the colonists, and *Arca sapida*, a New Zealand palm, and *Podocarpus Totarae*, which is one of the most valuable timber trees in the colony.

On the northern side of the house there is a noble collection of Japanese plants. This we are told is characterized by an unusually large proportion of woody plants, many of which belong to families which are rare elsewhere so far to the north. This doubtless is the scientific distinguishing character of the Japanese flora, but to the non-botanical observer the remarkable characteristic is

the perseverance with which this extraordinary people have managed to variegate the leaves of their plants. The *Aucuba Japonica* we have so assimilated to ourselves, is a specimen. The variegation in the leaves of this handsome laurel is but a type of the change effected in numerous other plants by the Japanese, — a testimony to the civilization which must so long have existed there, in order to bring about this remarkable result. In consequence of our hitherto having but one sex of the *Aucuba*, it was long wanting in the beautiful scarlet berries, which contain its seed, but this deficiency has of late years been supplied, and the staminate plant can now easily be procured. As the climate of Japan closely resembles that of Great Britain, most of the Japanese plants can be grown in this country without protection.

A very short walk from the Temperate-house takes us to the Chinese "Tal." This pagoda was built under the direction of Sir William Chambers in 1761-2, and was considered at that time one of the finest specimens of brickwork in the country. It consists of ten octagonal stories, which diminish from the lowest. The building is 163 feet in height, and the view from the top is very beautiful, extending over a large area of country. It is closed to the public in consequence of the inveterate habit of name-cutting which affects a certain class of visitors. The only Cedars of Lebanon of any size in the garden are close to the building. They were planted in 1750, and consequently are fine trees.

Now that we are in the Arboretum, or pleasure-ground, which the public so much affect, it will be as well to give some account of it. It was mainly planted about the year 1730 by the Earl of Bute, consequently the trees have grown to a noble size: but the wood has altogether lost its character within these last fifty years — indeed since the destruction of London Bridge. The old Curator, who still survives, tells us that in his youth the Thames stood at least three feet higher than it does now; in fact, there was never low water showing mud banks such as we now see. The solid piles of the old bridge formed an impediment to the flow of the stream, which kept it back like a mill-dam — a fact which those old enough to have performed the perilous feat of "shooting the bridge," as it was called, can well remember. The effect of lowering the tide,

no doubt seconded by the general land drainage of the neighbouring country, was that very many of the trees died; the present Curator testifies to the fact that when their roots have been dug up, they were marked at a certain depth, where the water never reached them in the gravelly soil, by a fungus which destroyed them. There used to be a tangled underwood throughout, and rare mosses and ferns grew there, which collectors in despair can no longer find. In fact, it was at one time a covert for game, impassable to any one but the royal beaters. When the Queen made over the Botanical Garden and the old Arboretum to the public, the pleasure-ground was in the possession of the late King of Hanover, and this prince refused to give up possession, but kept it as a preserve for pheasants. At the annual shooting the game was sent over to Hanover, and we are informed found its way back again to this country as presents to his friends! Even so late as the advent of Dr. Hooker, the present Director, it was impossible, he tells us, to find a way through the dense undergrowths; the squirrels and the wild birds were plentiful, and the aspect was quite forest-like. Since that time it has been brought within the pale of civilization. The undergrowth has disappeared, paths have been cut through in every direction, new trees have been planted, and it has assumed its true form as a noble pleasure-ground. The river, it is true, has become very tidal, and the banks at time of low water muddy; but the side of these grounds overlooking the Thames is still the favourite resort of the mere pleasure-lounger in the gardens.

Finding our way back from the pleasure-ground by way of the gate near the Temple of Minden — a monument to a battle Englishmen have almost forgotten — we come in sight of the flag-staff, said to be the finest spar in Europe; it is planted in a mound to a depth of 18 feet, and its entire length is 159 feet. But the height is but that of a clothes-prop to some of the spars the *Wellingtonia gigantea* trees could yield. A specimen of this tree is to be found in the plantation on the round mound near the Palm-stove of a very moderate height; but in California there are trees now standing 450 feet in height and 116 feet in circumference! The fine square tower we pass on our right once did double duty as a smoke-shaft, drawing the smoke from the Palm-stove furnaces, and as a water-tower, in

order to obtain a sufficient elevation for the requirements of the gardens and houses. But both of these requirements have now been answered in another manner; the smoke takes a short cut through the two wings of the building, and the water is now provided by means of the lake in the pleasure-grounds, from which it is pumped by an engine near the Temperate-house to tanks in Richmond Park. Formerly the smoke from the Palm-stove was conveyed by underground flues a distance of nearly 500 feet to the tower, where it was consumed. An underground railway also ran to the stove, to convey coals to the furnace and remove the ashes.

A short winding path takes us to the Herbaceous Grounds, which form one of the most interesting features in the gardens, and answer many questions plant-growers feel interested in, but which the uneducated passer-by thinks as of no account. These herbaceous grounds may be looked upon as the living reflex of the Herbarium, to which I shall draw attention presently. It may be considered a map of hardy herbaceous plants, arranged in the natural orders to which they belong. The botanical nature of the plants are arranged according to their affinity, as determined by the structure of their flowers and organs of reproduction.

Some of the orders occupy several beds, and some but few, the order in many instances being represented by a typical plant placed in a circular side-bed, so that the botanist sees at a glance the bed from which he may require to gather information. The grasses and sedges are illustrated by a splendid collection. The thistle tribe — few people sufficiently appreciate their beauty — are very numerous, culminating in the artichoke, which we have often wondered has not been introduced into our flower gardens for the beauty of its foliage. Evelyn tells us that they were appreciated by the ancients as they deserved. "For not very long since this noble thistle came out of Italy, improved to this magnitude by culture, and so rare in England that they are commonly sold for a crown apiece; but what Carthage yearly spent in them, as Pliny computes the sum, amounted to 30,000*l.* sterling." Whether they were appreciated for their beauty, or for their gastronomic properties, Evelyn does not say; but the nobility of their appearance no lover of the beautiful can deny. The infinite varieties of many of the common flowers only the botanist has a notion of,

the differences in many cases only being observable to the keen scientific eye. Nevertheless, only distinct types are represented here, all cross-breeds being eliminated. Among the noble foliage to be found here we took especial note of the *Gunnera scabra* — a plant which grows very like the rhubarb, the leaf-stalks springing at once from the ground. The leaves are of gigantic proportions, measuring eight feet in length, and forming deep masses of shade, and presenting most striking forms. We trust we shall see it ere long embellishing private gardens. A collection of hardy ferns, alpine plants, &c. close to the Herbaceous Gardens clearly attracts many fanciers, as we see they are under the especial care of a watchman, rare ferns being one of the articles some people see no crime in appropriating clandestinely.

Of the value of this herbaceous garden, as a test by means of which collectors are able to identify rare plants, the number of persons who daily visit it is the best proof. It may be asked what's in a name, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"? but the nursery-men know otherwise, and in order to sell their plants they must give the true botanical name. This garden and the Hortus Siccus, or Herbarium, by far the most extensive collection of dried plants in existence, form a necessary complement to each other. The house at the entrance of the Gardens where the late King of Hanover used to live, forms what may be termed a huge album, where most of the dried plants in existence can be found duly indexed and arranged in folios. In this and the herbaceous grounds most of the scientific work of the garden is done. The valuable Botanical Library situated under the same roof attracts to it botanists from all quarters of the globe, and nearly every valuable work on the subject published in this country has issued from this spot.

Having made the tour of the grounds and the conservatories, it only remains for us to direct attention to the Museums of Economic Botany, of which there are three. To use the words of Professor Oliver's Handbook: —

We learn from them the sources of the innumerable products of the vegetable kingdom for our use and convenience, whether as articles of food, of construction and application of the arts, of medicine, or curiosity. They suggest new channels for our industry; they show us the variety in form and structure presented by plants, and are a means of direct

instruction in most important branches of useful knowledge. We see from them the particular points upon which further information is needed, especially as to the origin of some valuable timbers, fibres, and drugs, in order to perfect our knowledge of economic botany; in brief, the Museums tell us *how little* as well as *how much*, we know, of the extent of which herbs, shrubs, and trees contribute to our necessities, comforts, and numberless requirements.

Crowded as these Museums are with curious vegetable productions from roof to floor, we can only notice the more striking and noteworthy of them. As we are nearest the Museum No. 3, which is in fact the old Orangery, to be seen immediately on the right hand on entering the gates of the Gardens, let us proceed towards it. This Museum is chiefly devoted to a collection of specimens of Colonial timber mainly derived from the Exhibition of 1862. No approach to a scientific classification is attempted with these specimens, as in the other museums; in fact, many of them are only duplicates of those contained in the arranged collection, but on account of their magnitude were not capable of being included with them. One of the most striking objects which attracts the attention on entering the building is a bowl-like cup worthy to form a goblet for Neptune. It is the receptacle in which the root of the double cocoa-nut actually grows, in the form of a wooden bowl with a rough picturesque exterior perforated with holes through which the roots of the tree pass. The double cocoanuts themselves, which before their discovery on the Seychelles near Madagascar were found floating about in the Indian Ocean, were considered great rarities, and sold for enormous sums. Another very curious plant in a glass case is *Welwitschia mirabilis*. This plant is closely allied to the Pine family, and is certainly one of the most singular-looking products of the vegetable kingdom. It consists of two leaves only, which lie flat upon the ground, extending each for six feet. These leaves are said to live the whole life of the plant for one hundred years, and become dried and torn to rags. The flower is a foot across. It was found growing in a hard stony soil in Southwest Tropical Africa. Another most remarkable plant, or fungus, is close at hand modelled in wax, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a parasite which grows upon the stem of some of the Vine order in Sumatra. The flower is the

most gigantic in existence, measuring from three to six feet across. It has neither leaves or stem, and may be considered a vegetable prodigy. The space in this museum is taken up with specimens of Colonial timber more interesting in a constructive point of view than any other; but we must not leave its doors without noting the very ingenious method of toy-turning, of which there are specimens sent from Saxony. It will be seen that the rough forms of different animals are first turned in a circular piece of wood, and from these segments are cut, and afterwards rounded so as to represent nature. We can, after seeing this rapid method of production, understand how it is that a whole menagerie in a Noah's Ark can be purchased for sixpence. To the archæologist the relic of Herne's Oak, blown down in Windsor Forest, and presented by the Queen, will prove interesting.

If we pass over westward we come to Museum No. 1, which is situated at the bottom of the ornamental water facing the Palm-stove. This museum is devoted to flower-bearing plants. The examples are contained in cases in which the orders and families are duly noted on the outside. The orders are ranged in different floors. It would be tedious to dwell upon these specimens which, however, are highly instructive to the scientific inquirer. On the ground floor are some very curious examples of the use of the different English woods, and under the Willow order are specimens of the ancient Exchequer tallies. Up to the year 1830 the accounts of the Exchequer were kept by means of these tallies, which were made of willow or poplar wood. The amount of money they represented was noted on them by means of notches cut in the side of the flat tally. These were easily split, and the counter-tally served as a check upon the original one. Such is the life in old customs in England, that were it not that the accidental firing of one of these bundles of tallies set fire to the old House of Commons it is quite possible that the tally system might still have been in vogue. Among the curious examples of old oak, showing the power of this wood to resist change, may be mentioned a portion of a pile of old London Bridge, taken up in 1827, which must have been in use 650 years, and yet seems as sound as the day it was put down. Some of the bog oaks are also very curious; and a portion of the "Maria Rose," lost at Spithead in

the reign of Henry VIII., is still perfectly good.

Museum No. 2 is at the bottom of the Herbaceous Garden, and is appropriated to specimens of the products of those plants which are commonly regarded as not bearing flowers, such as mosses, ferns, sea-weeds, lichens, and mushrooms. There are only two floors to this museum. In the rooms of the ground floor are many curious specimens which are interesting. Let us note ivory nuts from the Vegetable Ivory Palm, with specimens of chessmen and other ornaments cut out of the ivory. The method of carrying tea in Paraguay in the skin of the great ant-eater, specimens of wood stained green by *Peziza aruginosa*, and used for the manufacture of Tunbridge-ware. Here also we may see specimens of the gulf-weed which forms such immense masses in the eddy of the Atlantic to the west of the Azores, as to offer impediments to the navigation of vessels.

It may be asked how Kew Garden has fulfilled the scheme of such a natural garden as was foreshadowed by the late Dr. Lindley: what imperial purposes has it served; what has it done towards proving itself a nursing mother to our Colonial possessions? This is a very important question, and we think the Director can with pride reply. From these Gardens have issued the Cinchona plants which are now clothing the hills of India, and from the produce of which quinine is now largely manufactured in the Nilghiri mountains, and in the Sikkim Himalaya. The importance of the introduction of this life-giving drug to the holders of India, and to all fever-stricken populations, cannot be exaggerated. The cultivation of ipecacuanha in the same country from seeds sent from Kew and under the care of Kew gardeners, is another fact which cannot be dwelt upon with too much pride by Dr. Hooker. It was made known as early as 1648 by the physician Piso that this powder was a cure for dysentery, but this knowledge seems to have been forgotten until the present time, when it was found to be really a specific for the disease when taken in large doses. The value of such a drug as this and the Cinchona bark to Europeans in the East is certainly incalculable; but the Director of Kew Gardens, with the large view he has taken of the true value of such a botanical centre as he directs, has made efforts to disseminate through our wide domains many other valuable plants, valuable in a com-

mercial as well as in a medical sense. He has recognized in the reports that he annually issues the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the extent of our colonies in tropical countries, not one of them produces tobacco! To meet this great want he has sent gardeners to cultivate this invaluable herb in Jamaica, and we hear that the produce is equal to the best growth in Cuba. In Natal, through his instrumentality, plantations have sprung up, and now, we hear, they are sufficient to supply the demands of the gold diggers in their neighbourhood. The island of Bermuda has, by his direction, been planted with valuable products. In short, the nursing mother at Kew has done good service in enriching our colonies with valuable plantations, which will conduce to the welfare of their inhabitants for all future generations.

The method of transferring plants where it is necessary to do so, is by means of the convenient Wardian cases, in which the most tender plants can be conveyed safely and in good condition. Before these were invented plants were conveyed in a ship's hold, subject to all the impurities of salt water and air that such places of carriage are liable to, which rendered the safety of transport of delicate trees and shrubs very problematical. Now, with a little care, the most delicate growths are conveyed from one hemisphere to another quite safely. For years the exchange of floras has been going on; trees as well as settlers are migrating to our colonies, and the vegetable world of the far distant temperate zone is slowly making a footing in our fields and pastures. Of this imperial work the public know nothing; it is carried on systematically and in silence, and the mere holiday folk who throng to these Gardens, imagining that the beauty they see is merely for their gratification, would be astonished to find that from this heart, so to speak, every dependency of the empire is nourished and supplied with the plants and vegetation that is useful to them.

And not only our colonists are so supplied, but the home demand is also considerable. From the nurseries of Kew Gardens Battersea, Hyde, and the Victoria Parks have been planted and renewed with trees. One of the best testimonies to the smooth working and the beneficial action of this public establishment under the present Directorship is the harmony that exists between it and the proprietors of different private nurseries in the coun-

try. The profusion of gifts of rare flowers and shrubs constantly flowing in from them not only shows the high estimation in which Kew is regarded as a botanical garden, but the liberal manner in which its resources have been judiciously dispensed among themselves. Of the estimation in which the Gardens are held by the public it is scarcely necessary to speak. The crowded steamers that pass up the river on every holiday and on Sundays and Mondays are a sufficient answer. A few figures, however, will suffice to show the boon the opening of these Gardens has been to the public as a mere pleasure-ground to *all classes* of the people, for we scarcely know which class seems the most thoroughly to enjoy them. During the first year, 1841, after the grounds were opened to the public, the number entering the gates was 9,174. A gradual increase took place year by year until 1850, when 179,627 passed the gates. The next year, the Great Exhibition year, saw the number increased to 327,900. Even this large number very speedily became surpassed by the visitors of ordinary years, the number during 1872 being 553,249. No doubt the figures for the entire present year will give the largest number of visitors Kew Gardens has yet received. The Director, thoroughly taken up as he is with the scientific character of the Gardens, yet has not neglected their popular character. The broad avenue leading towards the Palm-house, during the early spring and summer months, is a triumph of floriculture, as regards mere masses of colour. The rhododendron beds, when in bloom, are perfectly matchless, and the turf beside them a carpet of the most brilliant dyes. However ardent a botanist, this much Dr. Hooker wisely concedes to the vast crowds who come here merely to enjoy the delights of a glorious garden, set in a still more glorious pleasure-ground and park. We heartily rejoice to think that the temporary differences which had arisen between this truly eminent man and one of the departments of Government are now entirely at an end, by the transfer to another office of the person who had occasioned them. But however trying it may have been to Dr. Hooker to be engaged in so unworthy a contest, he was backed in it by the strenuous support of the whole scientific world, and he received the strongest assurances of the confidence and gratitude of the public.

From The Graphic.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL:

A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH LIFE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Barchester Towers," "The Eustace Diamonds," "Phineas Redux," &c.

CHAPTER V.

BOSCobel.

Two days and two nights passed without fear of fire, and then Harry Heathcote was again on the alert. The earth was parched as though no drop of rain had fallen. The fences were dry as tinder, and the ground was strewn with broken atoms of timber from the trees, each of which a spark would ignite. Two nights Harry slept in his bed, but on the third he was on horseback about the run, watching, thinking, endeavouring to make provision, directing others, and hoping to make it believed that his eyes were everywhere. In this way an entire week was passed, and now it wanted but four days to Christmas. He would come home to breakfast about seven in the morning, very tired, but never owning that he was tired, and then sleep heavily for an hour or two in a chair. After that he would go out again on the run, would sleep perhaps for another hour after dinner, and then would start for his night's patrol. During this week he saw nothing of Medlicot, and never mentioned his name but once. On that occasion his wife told him that during his absence Medlicot had been at the station. "What brought him here?" Harry asked fiercely. Mrs. Heathcote explained that he had called in a friendly way, and had said that if there were any fear of fire he would be happy himself to lend assistance. Then the young squatter forgot himself in his wrath. "Confound his hypocrisy!" said Harry, aloud. "I don't think he's a hypocrite," said the wife. "I'm sure he's not," said Kate Daly. Not a word more was spoken, and Harry immediately left the house. The two women did not as usual go to the gate to see him mount his horse, — not refraining from doing so in any anger, or as wishing to exhibit displeasure at Harry's violence, but because they were afraid of him. They had found themselves compelled to differ from him, but were oppressed at finding themselves in opposition to him.

The feeling that his wife should in any way take part against him added greatly to Heathcote's trouble. It produced in

his mind a terrible feeling of loneliness in his sorrow. He bore a brave outside to all his men, and to any stranger whom in these days he met about the run,—to his wife and sister also, and to the old woman at home. He forced upon them all an idea that he was not only autocratic but self-sufficient also,—that he wanted neither help nor sympathy. He never cried out in his pain, being heartily ashamed even of the appeal which he had made to Medlicot. He spoke aloud and laughed with the men, and never acknowledged that his trials were almost too much for him. But he was painfully conscious of his own weakness. He sometimes felt, when alone in the bush, that he would fain get off his horse, and lie upon the ground and weep till he slept. It was not that he trusted no one. He suspected no one with a positive suspicion, except Nokes,—and Medlicot as the supporter of Nokes. But he had no one with whom he could converse freely,—none whom he had not been accustomed to treat as the minister of his will, except his wife and his wife's sister; and now he was disjoined from them by their sympathy with Medlicot! He had chosen to manage everything himself without contradiction and almost without counsel; but, like other such imperious masters, he now found that when trouble came the privilege of dictatorship brought with it an almost unsupportable burden.

Old Bates was an excellent man, of whose fidelity the young squatter was quite assured. No one understood foot-rot better than Old Bates, or was less sparing of himself in curing it. He was a second mother to all the lambs, and when shearing came watched with the eyes of Argus to see that the sheep were not wounded by the shearers, or the wool left on their backs. But he had no conversation, none of that imagination which in such a time as this might have assisted in devising safeguards, and but little enthusiasm. Shepherds, so-called, Harry kept none upon the run,—and would have felt himself insulted had any one suggested that he was so backward in his ways as to employ men of that denomination. He had fenced his run, and dispensed with shepherds and shepherding as old-fashioned and unprofitable. He had two mounted men whom he called boundary riders, one an Irishman and the other a German,—and them he trusted fully, the German altogether and the Irishman equally as regarded his honesty. But he could not explain to them

the thoughts that loaded his brain. He could instigate them to eagerness; but he could not condescend to tell Karl Bender, the German, that if his fences were destroyed neither his means nor his credit would be sufficient to put them up again, and that if the scanty herbage were burnt off any large proportion of his run, he must sell his flocks at a great sacrifice. Nor could he explain to Mickey O'Dowd, the Irishman, that his peace of mind was destroyed by his fear of one man. He had to bear it all alone. And there was heavy on him also the great misery of feeling that everything might depend on his own exertions, and that yet he did not know how or where to exert himself. When he had ridden about all night and discovered nothing, he might just as well have been in bed. And he was continually riding about all night and discovering nothing.

After leaving the station on the evening of the day on which he had expressed himself to the women so vehemently respecting Medlicot, he met Bates coming home from his day's work. It was then past eight o'clock, and the old man was sitting wearily on his horse, with his head low down between his shoulders, and the reins hardly held within his grasp. "You're late, Mr. Bates," said Harry; "you take too much out of yourself this hot weather."

"I've got to move slower, Mr. Heathcote, as I grow older. That's about it. And the beast I'm on is not much good." Now Mr. Bates was always complaining of his horse, and yet was allowed to choose any on the run for his own use.

"If you don't like him, why don't you take another?"

"There ain't much difference in 'em, Mr. Heathcote. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't. It's getting uncommon close shaving for them wethers in the new paddock. They're down upon the roots pretty well already."

"There's grass along the bush on the north side."

"They won't go there; it's rank and sour. They won't feed up there as long as they can live lower down and nearer the water. Weather like this, they'd sooner die near the water than travel to fill their bellies. It's about the hottest day we've had, and the nights a'most hotter. Are you going to be out, Mr. Heathcote?"

"I think so."

"What's the good of it, Mr. Heathcote? There is no use in it. Lord love

you, what can you do? You can't be on every side at once."

"Fire can only travel with the wind, Mr. Bates."

"And there isn't any wind, and so there can't be any fire. I never did think, and I don't think now, there ever was any use in a man's fashing himself as you fash yourself. You can't alter things, Mr. Heathcote."

"But that's just what I can do;—what a man has to do. If a match were thrown there at your feet, and the grass was aflame, couldn't you alter that by putting your foot on it? If you find a ewe on her back, can't you alter that by putting her on her legs?"

"Yes,—I can do that, I suppose."

"What does a man live for except to alter things? When a man clears the forest, and sows corn, does he not alter things?"

"That's not your line, Mr. Heathcote," said the cunning old man.

"If I send wool to market, I alter things."

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Heathcote. Of course I'm old, but I just give you my experience."

"I'm much obliged to you;—though we can't always agree, you know. Good night. Go in and say a word to my wife, and tell them you saw me all right."

"I'll have a crack with 'em, Mr. Heathcote, before I turn in."

"And tell Mary I sent my love."

"I will, Mr. Heathcote;—I will."

He was thinking always of his wife during his solitary rides, and of her fear and deep anxiety. It was for her sake and for the children that he was so careworn,—not for his own. Had he been alone in the world he would not have fretted himself in this fashion, because of the malice of any man. But how would it be with her, should he be forced to move her from Gangoil? And yet, with all his love, they had parted almost in anger. Surely she would understand the tenderness of the message he had just sent her.

Of a sudden, as he was riding he stopped his horse, and listened attentively. From a great distance there fell upon his accustomed ear a sound which he recognized, though he was aware that the place from whence it came was at least two miles distant. It was the thud of an axe against a tree. He listened still, and was sure that it was so, and turned at once toward the sound, though in doing so he left his course at a right angle. He

had been going directly away from the river, with his back to the wool-shed; but now he changed his course, riding in the direction of the spot at which Jacko had nearly fallen in jumping over the fence. As he continued on, the sounds became plainer, till at last, reining in his horse, he could see the form of the woodman, who was still at work ringing the trees. This was a job which the man did by contract, receiving so much an acre for the depopulation of the timber. It was now bright moonlight, almost as clear as day,—a very different night indeed from that on which the rain had come,—and Harry could see at a glance that it was the man called Boscobel, still at work. Now there were, as he thought, very good reasons why Boscobel at the present moment should not be so employed. Boscobel was receiving wages for work of another kind. "Bos," said the squatter, riding up and addressing the man by the customary abbreviation of his nickname, "I thought you were watching at Brownie's boundary?" Boscobel lowered his axe, and stood for a while contemplating the proposition made to him. "You are drawing three shillings a night for watching;—isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's so. Anyways, I shall draw it."

"Then why ain't you watching?"

"There's nothing to watch, that I knows on,—not just now."

"Then why should I pay you for it? I'm to pay you for ringing these trees, ain't I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Heathcote."

"Then you're to make double use of your time, and sell it twice over, are you? Don't try to look like a fool, as though you didn't understand. You know that what you're doing isn't honest."

"Nobody ever said as I wasn't honest before."

"I tell you so now. You're robbing me of the time you've sold to me, and for which I'm to pay you."

"There ain't nothing to watch while the wind's as it is now, and that chap ain't anywhere about to-night."

"What chap?"

"Oh, I know. I'm all right. What's the use of dawdling about up there in the broad moonlight, and the wind like this?"

"That's for me to judge. If you engage to do my work and take my money, you're swindling me when you go about another job as you are now. You needn't

scratch your head. You understand it all as well as I do."

"I never was told I swindled before, and I ain't a going to put up with it. You may ring your own trees, and watch your own fences, and the whole place may be burned for me. I ain't a going to do another turn in Gangoil. Swindle, indeed!" So Boscobel shouldered his axe, and marched off through the forest, visible in the moonlight till the trees hid him.

There was another enemy made! He had never felt quite sure of this man, but had been glad to have him about the place as being thoroughly efficient in his own business. It was only during the last ten days that he had agreed to pay him for night watching, leaving the man to do as much additional day-work as he pleased,—for which, of course, he would be paid at the regular contract price. There was a double purpose intended in this watching,—as was well understood by all the hands employed;—first that of preventing incendiary fire by the mere presence of the watchers, and, secondly, that of being at hand to extinguish fire in case of need. Now a man ringing trees five or six miles away from the beat on which he was stationed could not serve either of these purposes. Boscobel therefore had been fraudulently at work for his own dishonest purposes, and knew well that his employment was of that nature. All this was quite clear to Heathcote;—and it was clear to him also that when he detected fraud he was bound to expose it. Had the man acknowledged his fault, and been submissive, there would have been an end of the matter. Heathcote would have said no word about it to any one, and would not have stopped a farthing from the week's unearned wages. That he had to encounter a certain amount of ill usage from the rough men about him, and to forgive it, he could understand; but it could not be his duty either as a man or a master to pass over dishonesty without noticing it. No;—that he would not do, though Gangoil should burn from end to end. He did not much mind being robbed. He knew that to a certain extent he must endure to be cheated. He would endure it. But he would never teach his men to think that he passed over such matters because he was afraid of them, or that dishonesty on their part was indifferent to him.

But now he had made another enemy,—an enemy of a man who had declared

to him that he knew the movements of "that chap," meaning Nokes! How hard the world was! It seemed that all around were trouble to him. He turned his horse back, and made again for the spot which was his original destination. As he cantered on among the trees, twisting here and there, and regulating his way by the stars, he asked himself whether it would not be better for him to go home and lay himself down by his wife and sleep, and await the worst that these men could do to him. This idea was so strong upon him that at one spot he made his horse stop till he had thought it all out. No one encouraged him in his work. Every one about the place, friend or foe, Bates, his wife, Medicot, and this Boscobel spoke to him as though he were fussy and fidgety in his anxiety. "If fires must come, they will come; and if they are not to come, you are simply losing your labour." This was the upshot of all they said to him. Why should he be wiser than they? If the ruin came, let it come. Old Bates had been ruined, but still had enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, and did not work half so hard as his employer. He thought that if he could only find some one person who would sympathize with him, and support him, he would not mind. But the mental loneliness of his position almost broke his heart.

Then there came across his mind the dim remembrance of certain old school-words, and he touched his horse with his spur, and hurried onwards. Let there be no steps backward. A thought as to the manliness of persevering, of the want of manliness in yielding to depression, came to his rescue. Let him at any rate have the comfort of thinking that he had done his best according to his lights. After some dim fashion, he did come to recognize it as a fact, that nothing could really support him but self-approbation. Though he fell from his horse in utter weariness, he would persevere.

As the night wore on he came to the German's hut, and, finding it empty, as he expected, rode on to the outside fence of his run. When he reached this he got off his horse, and, taking a key out of his pocket, whistled upon it loudly. A few minutes afterwards the German came up to him. "There's been no one about, I suppose?" he asked.

"Not a one," said the man.

"You've been across on Brownbie's run?"

"Ve're on it now, Mr. 'Eathcote."

They were both on the side of the fence away from Gangoil station.

"I don't know how that is, Karl. I think Gangoil goes a quarter of a mile beyond this. But we did not quite strike the boundary when we put up the fence."

"Brownbie's cattle is allays here, Mr. 'Eathcote, and is knocking down the fence every day. Brownbie is a rascal, and 'is cattle as bad as 'isself."

"Never mind that, Karl, now. When we've got through the heats, we'll put a mile or two of better fencing along here. You know Boscobel?"

"In course I know Bos."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" Then Harry told his German dependent exactly what had taken place between him and the other man.

"He's in and in wid all them young Brownbies," said Karl.

"The Brownbies are a bad lot, but I don't think they'd do anything of this kind," said Harry, whose mind was still dwelling on the dangers of fire.

"They likes muttuns, Mr. 'Eathcote."

"I suppose they do take a sheep or two, now and then. They wouldn't do worse than that, would they?"

"Noting too 'ot for 'em; noting too 'eavy," said Karl, smoking his pipe. "The vind, vat there is, comes just here, Mr. 'Eathcote." And the man lifted up his arm, and pointed across in the direction of Brownbie's run.

"And you don't think much of Boscobel?" Karl Bender shook his head. "He was always well treated here," said Harry, "and has had plenty of work, and earned large wages. The man will be a fool to quarrel with me." Karl again shook his head. With Karl Bender, Harry was quite sure of his man,—but not on that account need he be quite sure of the correctness of the man's opinion.

Thence he went on till he met his other lieutenant, O'Dowd, and so, having completed his work, he made his way home, reaching the station at sunrise. "Did Bates tell you he'd met me?" he asked his wife.

"Yes, Harry; kiss me, Harry. I was so glad you sent a word. Promise me, Harry, not to think that I don't agree with you in everything."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROWNBIES OF BOOLABONG.

OLD BROWNBIE, as he was usually called, was a squatter also, but a squatter of a class very different from that to

which Heathcote belonged. He had begun his life in the colonies a little under a cloud, having been sent out from home after the perpetration of some peccadillo of which the law had disapproved. In colonial phrase he was a "lag,"—having been transported; but this was many years ago, when he was quite young; and he had now been a free man for more than thirty years. It must be owned on his behalf that he had worked hard, had endeavoured to rise,—and had risen. But there still stuck to him the savour of his old life. Every one knew that he had been a convict; and even had he become a man of high principle,—a condition which he certainly never achieved,—he could hardly have escaped altogether from the thralldom of his degradation. He had been a butcher, a drover, part owner of stock, and had at last become possessed of a share of a cattle run, and then of the entire property,—such as it was. He had four or five sons, uneducated, ill-conditioned, drunken fellows, who had all their father's faults without his energy, some of whom had been in prison, and all of whom were known as pests to the colony. Their place was called Boolabong, and was a cattle run, as distinguished from a sheep run;—but it was a poor place, was sometimes altogether unstocked, and was supposed to be not unfrequently used as a receptacle for stolen cattle. The tricks which the Brownbies played with cattle were notorious throughout Queensland and New South Wales, and by a certain class of men were much admired. They would drive a few head of cattle, perhaps forty or fifty, for miles around the country, across one station and another, travelling many hundreds of miles, and here and there as they passed along they would sweep into their own herd the bullocks of the victims whose land they passed. If detected on the spot they gave up their prey. They were in the right in moving their own cattle, and were not responsible for the erratic tendencies of other animals. If successful, they either sold their stolen beasts to butchers on the road, or got them home to Boolabong. There were dangers, of course, and occasional penalties. But there was much success. It was supposed also that though they did not own sheep, they preferred mutton for their daily uses, and that they supplied themselves at a very cheap rate. It may be imagined how such a family would be hated by the respectable squatters on

whom they preyed. Still there were men, old stagers, who had known Moreton Bay before it was a colony,—in the old days when convicts were common,—who almost regarded the Brownbies as a part of the common order of things, and who were indisposed to persecute them. Men must live, and what were a few sheep? Of some such it might be said that though they were above the arts by which the Brownbies lived, they were not very scrupulous themselves; and it perhaps served them to have within their ken neighbours whose morality was lower even than their own. But to such a one as Harry Heathcote the Brownbies were utterly abominable. He was for law and justice at any cost. To his thinking the Colonial Government was grossly at fault, because it did not weed out and extirpate not only the identical Brownbies, but all Brownbicism wherever it might be found. A dishonest workman was a great evil, but to his thinking a dishonest man in the position of master was the incarnation of evil. As to difficulties of evidence, and obstacles of that nature, Harry Heathcote knew nothing. The Brownbies were rascals, and should therefore be exterminated.

And the Brownbies knew well the estimation in which their neighbour held them. Harry had made himself altogether disagreeable to them. They were squatters, as well as he,—or at least so they termed themselves; and though they would not have expected to be admitted to home intimacies, they thought that when they were met out of doors or in public places, they should be treated with some respect. On such occasions Harry treated them as though they were dirt beneath his feet. The Brownbies would be found, whenever a little money came among them, at the public billiard-rooms and race-courses within one hundred and fifty miles of Boolabong. At such places Harry Heathcote was never seen. It would have been as easy to seduce the Bishop of Brisbane into a bet as Harry Heathcote. He had never even drank a nobbler with one of the Brownbies. To their thinking he was a proud, stuck-up, unsocial young cub, whom to rob was a pleasure, and to ruin would be a delight.

The old man at Boolabong was now almost obsolete. Property, that he could keep in his grasp, there was in truth none. He was the tenant of the run under the Crown, and his sons could not turn him out of the house. The cattle, when there

were cattle, belonged to them. They were in no respect subject to his orders, and he would have had a bad life among them were it not that they quarrelled among themselves, and that in such quarrels he could belong to one party or the other. The house itself was a wretched place,—out of order, with doors and windows and floors shattered, broken, and decayed. There were none of womankind belonging to the family, and in such a house a decent woman servant would have been out of her place. Sometimes there was one hag there, and sometimes another, and sometimes feminine aid less respectable than that of the hags. There had been six sons. One had disappeared utterly, so that nothing was known of him. One had been absolutely expelled by the brethren, and was now a vagabond in the country, turning up now and then at Boolabong, and demanding food. Of the whole lot Georgie Brownbie, the vagabond, was the worst. The eldest son was at this time in prison at Brisbane, having, on some late occasion, been less successful than usual in regard to some acquired bullocks. The three youngest were at home, Jerry, Jack, and Joe. Tom, who was in prison, was the only staunch friend to the father, who consequently at this time was in a more than usually depressed condition.

Christmas Day would fall on a Tuesday, and on the Monday before it Jerry Brownbie, the eldest of those now at home, was sitting with a pipe in his mouth on a broken-down stool, on the broken-down verandah of the house, and the old man was seated on a stuffy worn-out sofa with three legs, which was propped against the wall of the house and had not been moved for years. Old Brownbie was a man of gigantic frame, and had possessed immense personal power; a man, too, of will and energy,—but he was now worn out and dropsical, and could not move beyond the confines of the home station. The verandah was attached to a big room which ran nearly the whole length of the house, and which was now used for all purposes. There was an exterior kitchen, in which certain processes were carried on,—such as salting stolen mutton and boiling huge masses of meat, when such work was needed. But the cookery was generally done in the big room. And here also two or three of the sons slept on beds made upon stretchers along the wall. They were not probably very particular as to which owned each bed, enjoying a fra-

ternal communism in that respect. At the end of this chamber the old man had a room of his own. Boolabong was certainly a miserable place; and yet, such as it was, it was frequented by many guests. The vagabondism of the colonies is proverbial. Vagabonds are taken in almost everywhere throughout the bush. But the welcome given to them varies. Sometimes they are made to work before they are fed,—to their infinite disgust. But no such cruelty was exercised at Boolabong. Boolabong was a very Paradise for vagabonds. There was always flour and meal to be had, generally tobacco, and sometimes even the luxury of a nobbler. The Brownbies were wise enough to have learned that it was necessary for their very existence that they should have friends in the land. On the Sunday the father and Jerry Brownbie were sitting out in the verandah at about noon, and the other two sons, Jack and Joe, were lying asleep on the beds within.

The heat of the day was intense. There was a wind blowing, but it was that which is called there the hot wind,—which comes, dry, scorching, sometimes almost intolerable, over the burning central plain of the country. No one can understand without feeling it how much a wind can add to the sufferings inflicted by heat. The old man had on a dirty, wretched remnant of a dressing-gown, but Jerry was clothed simply in trousers and an old shirt. Only that the mosquitoes would have flayed him he would have dispensed probably with these. He had been quarrelling with his father respecting a certain horse which he had sold, of the price of which the father demanded a share. Jerry had unblushingly declared that he himself had “shaken” the horse,—Anglicé, had stolen him,—twelve months since on Darnley Downs, and was therefore clearly entitled to the entire plunder. The father had rejoined with animation that unless “half a quid,”—or *tos*,—were given him as his contribution to the keep of the animal, he would inform against his son to the squatter on Darnley Downs, and had shown him that he knew the very run from which the horse had been taken. Then the sons within had interfered from their beds, swearing that their father was the noisiest old “cuss” unhung,—they having had their necessary slumbers disturbed.

At this moment the debate was interrupted by the appearance of a man out-

side the verandah. “Well, Mr. Jerry, how goes it?” asked the stranger.

“What, Bos, is that you? What brings you up to Boolabong? I thought you was ringing trees for that young scut at Gangoil. I’ll be even with him some of these days. He had the impudence to send a man of his up here last week looking for sheepskins.”

“He wasn’t that soft, Mr. Jerry, was he? Well;—I’ve dropped working for him. How are you, Mr. Brownbie? I hope I see you finely, Sir. It’s stiffish sort of weather, Mr. Brownbie;—aint it, Sir?” The old man grunted out some reply, and then asked Boscobel what he wanted. “I’ll just hang about for the day, Mr. Brownbie, and get a little grub. You never begrudged a working man that yet.” Old Brownbie again grunted, but said no word of welcome. That, however, was to be taken for granted, without much expression of opinion. “No, Mr. Jerry,” continued Boscobel, “I’ve done with that fellow.”

“And so has Nokes done with him.”

“Nokes is at work on Medlicot’s Mill. That sugar business wouldn’t suit me.”

“An axe in your hand is what you’re fit for, Bos.”

“There’s a many things I can turn my hand to, Mr. Jerry.—You couldn’t give a fellow such a thing as a nobbler, Mr. Jerry;—could you? I’d offer money for it, only I know it would be taken amiss. It’s that hot that a fellow’s very in’ards get parched up.” Upon this Jerry slowly rose, and going to a cupboard brought forth a modicum of spirits, which he called Battle Axe, but which was supposed to be brandy. This Boscobel swallowed at a gulp, and then washed it down with a little water.

“Come, Jerry,” said the old man, somewhat relenting in his wrath, “you might as well give us a drop as it’s going about.” The two brothers who had now been thoroughly aroused from their sleep, and who had heard the enticing sound of the spirit bottle, joined the party,—and so they drank all round.

“Heathcote’s in an awful state about them fires,—ain’t he?” asked Jerry. Boscobel, who had squatted down on the verandah, and was now lighting his pipe, bobbed his head. “I wish he was clean burned out,—over head and ears,” said Jerry. Boscobel bobbed his head again, sucking with great energy at the closely stuffed pipe. “If he treated me like he does you fellows,” continued Jerry, “he shouldn’t have a yard of fencing or

a blade of grass left,—nor a ewe, nor a lamb, nor a hogget. I do hate fellows who come here and want to be better than any one about 'em,—young chaps, especially. Sending up here to look for sheepskins;—cuss his impudence! I sent that German fellow of his away with a flea in his ear."

"Karl Bender?"

"It's some such name as that."

"He's all in all with the squire," said Boscobel. "And there's a chap there called Jacko,—he's another. He gets 'em down there to Gangoil, and the ladies talks to 'em, and then they'd go through fire and water for him. There's Mickey;—he's another, jist the same way. I don't like them ways, myself."

"Too much of master and man about it; ain't there, Bos?"

"Just that, Mr. Jerry. That ain't my idea of a free country. I can work as well as another, but I ain't going to be told that I'm a swindler, because I'm making the most of my time."

"He turned Nokes out by the scruff of his neck?" said Jerry. Boscobel again bobbed his head. "I didn't think Nokes was the sort of fellow to stand that."

"No more he ain't," said Boscobel.

"Heathcote's a good plucked 'un all the same," said Joe.

"It's like you to speak up for such a fellow as that," said Jerry.

"I say he's a good plucked 'un.—I'm not standing up for him. Nokes is half-a-stone heavier than him, and ought to have knocked him over. That's what you'd've done;—wouldn't you, Boss? I know I would."

"He'd've had my axe at his head," said Boscobel.

"We all know Joe's game to the backbone," said Jerry.

"I'm game enough for you, any way," said his brother. "And you can try it out any time you like."

"That's right; fight like dogs; do," said the old man.

The quarrel at this point was interrupted by the arrival of another man, who crept up round the corner on to the verandah exactly as Boscobel had done. This was Nokes, of whom they had that moment been speaking. There was silence for a few moments among them, as though they feared that he might have heard them, and Nokes stood hanging his head as though half ashamed of himself. Then they gave him the same kind of greeting as the other man had received.

Nobody told him that he was welcome, but the spirit jar was again brought into use, Jerry measuring out the liquor, and it was understood that Nokes was to stay there and get his food. He too gave some account of himself,—which was supposed to suffice, but which they all knew to be false. It was Sunday, and they were off work at the sugar-mill. He had come across Gangoil run intending to take back with him things of his own which he had left at Bender's hut, and having come so far, had thought that he would come on and get his dinner at Boolabong. As this was being told a good deal was said of Harry Heathcote. Nokes declared that he had come right across Gangoil, and explained that he would not have been at all sorry to meet Master Heathcote in the bush. Master Heathcote had had his own way up at the station when he was backed by a lot of his own hands;—but a good time was coming, perhaps. Then Nokes gave it to be understood very plainly that it was the settled practice of his life to give Harry Heathcote a thrashing. During all this there was an immense amount of bad language, and a large portion of the art which in the colony is called "blowing." Jerry, Boscobel, and Nokes all boasted, each that on the first occasion he would give Harry Heathcote such a beating that a whole bone should hardly be left in the man's skin. "There isn't one of you man enough to touch him," said Joe, who was known as the freest fighter of the Brownbie family.

"And you'd eat him, I suppose," said Jerry.

"He's not likely to come in my way," said Joe;—"but if he does, he'll get as good as he brings. That's all."

This was unpleasant to the visitors, who, of course, felt themselves to be snubbed. Boscobel affected to hear the slight put upon his courage with good humour, but Nokes laid himself down in a corner and sulked. They were soon all asleep,—and remained dozing, snoring, changing their uncomfortable positions, and cursing the mosquitoes, till about four in the afternoon, when Boscobel got up, shook himself, and made some observation about "grub." The meal of the day was then prepared. A certain quantity of flour and raw meat, ample for their immediate wants, was given to the two strangers, with which they retired into the outer kitchen, prepared it for themselves, and there ate their dinner, and each of the brothers

did the same for himself in the big room, — Joe, the fighting brother, providing for his father's wants as well as his own. One of them had half a leg of cold mutton, so that he was saved the trouble of cooking, — but he did not offer to share this comfort with the others. An enormous kettle of tea was made, and that was common among them. While this was being consumed, Boscobel put his head into the room, and suggested that he and his mate wanted a drink. Whereupon Jerry, without a word, pointed to the kettle, and Boscobel was allowed to fill two pannikins. Such was the welcome which was always accorded to strangers at Boolabong.

After their meal the men came back on to the verandah, and there was more smoking and sleeping — more boasting and snarling. Different allusions were made to the spirit jar, especially by the old man; but they were made in vain. The "Battle Axe" was Jerry's own property, and he felt that he had already been almost foolishly liberal. But he had an object in view. He was quite sure that Boscobel and Nokes had not come to Boolabong on the same Sunday by any chance coincidence. The men had something to propose, and in their own way they would make the proposition before they left, — and they would make it probably to him. Boscobel intended to sleep at Boolabong, but Nokes had explained that it was his purpose to return that night to Medlicot's Mill. The proposition no doubt would be made soon, — a little after seven, when the day was preparing to give way suddenly to night. Nokes first walked off, sloping out from the verandah in a half shy, half cunning manner, looking no whitther, and saying a word to no one. Quickly after him, Boscobel jumped up suddenly, hitched up his trousers, and followed the first man. At about a similar interval, Jerry passed out through the big room to the yard at the back, and from the yard to the shed that was used as a shambles. Here he found the other two men, and no doubt the proposition was made.

"There's something up," said the old man as soon as Jerry was gone.

"Of course there's something up," said Joe. "Those fellows didn't come all the way to Boolabong for nothing."

"It's something about young Heathcote," suggested the father.

"If it is," said Jack, "what is it to you?"

"They'll get themselves hanged, that's all about it."

"That be blowed," said Jack; "you go easy and hold your tongue. If you know nothing, nobody can hurt you."

"I know nothing," said Joe, "and don't mean. If I had scores to quit with a fellow like Harry Heathcote I should do it after my own fashion. I shouldn't get Boscobel to help me, nor yet such a fellow as Nokes. But it's no business of mine. Heathcote's made the place too hot to hold him. That's all about it." There was no more said, and in an hour's time Jerry returned to the family. Neither the father nor brother asked him any questions, nor did he volunteer any information.

Boolabong was about fourteen miles from Medlicot's Mill. Nokes had walked this distance in the morning, and now retraced it at night, — not going right across Gangoil, as he had falsely boasted of doing early in the day, but skirting it, and keeping on the outside of the fence nearly the whole distance. At about two in the morning he reached his cottage outside the mill on the river bank; — but he was unable to skulk in unheard. Some dogs made a noise, and presently he heard a voice calling him from the house. "Is that you, Nokes, at this time of night?" asked Mr. Medlicot. Nokes grunted out some reply, intending to avoid any further question. But his master came up to the hut door, and asked him where he had been.

"Just amusing myself," said Nokes.

"It's very late."

"It's not later for me than for you, Mr. Medlicot."

"That's true. I've just ridden home from Gangoil."

"From Gangoil? I didn't know you were so friendly there, Mr. Medlicot."

"And where have you been?"

"Not to Gangoil, anyway. Good night, Mr. Medlicot." Then the man took himself into his hut, and was safe from further questioning that night.

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ORION" ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

A LADY with whom I have the honour to be acquainted — the authoress of a recently published volume of poems, containing some true poetry — is in the habit of excusing herself to her correspondents

for the rare and scantling appearance of her notes, on the ground that "letter-writing" is one of the lost Arts. The present day seems to have become "too fast" for it. In running the eye of memory over the celebrated letter-writers of a more leisurely literary period, such as Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Lady Mary Wortley Montague — (omitting, of course, all those who, like Rousseau, wrote entire novels in the form of letters), and among men, the more highly finished and future-eyed letter-writers, such as Pope, Addison, Cowper, and others — especially clergymen, philosophers, and philanthropists — one begins to see that there is much truth in the foregoing assertion. The "loss" of the Art is mainly attributable to an impatient sense of the loss of time. And it looks still more like a fact, if we bring our view down to the nearer dates of the admirable letters of Robert Burns, of Southey, of Mary Russell Mitford, Leigh Hunt, Charles Dickens, Harriet Martineau, Sara Coleridge — just published — and those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a portion of which are now about to be given to the world for the first time.

The whole of these last-named productions of one of the finest and most cultivated minds of our age, have been in my possession since the year 1839. When a few of them shall have appeared in these pages, many readers will be ready to blame me for keeping locked up in darkness so interesting a mine of literary wealth during all these years. Long absence from England, occupations of a bush-life in Australia, added to motives of delicacy in the fear of intruding upon unclosed wounds in the loss of such a spirit, must be my excuse. And the delay would have been yet more prolonged but for my sudden discovery that many of Mrs. Browning's letters, having been written with some bad kind of ink, were beginning to fade. Her graphic lines were, in several instances, on the borders of the vanishing point. Under these circumstances, I asked permission of my friend, Mr. Robert Browning, for their publication; and this was granted at once, and in terms that enhanced the favour as much beyond my means to express, as it would be beyond his wish that I should make the attempt. He had never seen the Letters, but trusted in my good feeling.

Reverting to our opening words, the question now arises as to what constitutes the "Art of Letter-writing"? Put-

ting mere fine talk and eloquent twaddle out of court, and taking some brains, study, and experience for granted, my immediate opinion is this, — the art of letter-writing is just the art, so to speak, of being natural. In other words, it is not an *art* at all. Inasmuch as nobody comes to *read* with facility till a good deal of reading has been done; so in writing with facility, a considerable amount of previous writing is to be understood; and this being clear, we may safely repeat that the finest Letter-writing is no set and specific art, but varies with the individual writer, as it ought and must. In its highest forms of success, it is the natural and spontaneous outpouring of a well-stored intellect, a genial spirit, fine taste, judgment, toleration, the wit and humour that come unsought, and in its entirety the *abandon* of a soul and heart which give vent to their inward breathings, in the full belief — and generally with the conviction — of addressing a congenial mind, and of being in sympathy with a nature of sufficient similitude to be in accord with these unpremeditated models of penmanship. And, withal, such letters are the perfection of refined colloquiality. Those of the late Miss Mitford carried the carelessness of implicit confidence to an amusing, and almost absurd, extent, innumerable letters and notes from her having been written on any scraps of paper at hand, old envelopes turned inside out, and blank edges of newspapers, while I have many letters, the outsides of which were frequently half covered with postscripts and after-thoughts. Those of Mrs. Browning's had no external signs of this easy, off-hand carelessness, but *within* they were the perfection of ease, confiding frankness — firmness of opinion, also — and the undisguised and complete expression of the writer's nature, and her thought and feeling upon every subject she touched.

Three years ago I published in a monthly magazine,* by permission, one of Mrs. Browning's letters, preceding it with the following remarks, containing certain matters of which my present readers should be informed: —

"My first acquaintance with the authoress of 'Our Village' was by a note from Miss E. B. Barrett (whom I only knew by literary correspondence, and had never seen), both so much regarded

* "Macmillan's Magazine," Sept., 1870, Art. iv., "Portraits and Memoirs."

in private and in public, and now so lamented. This note enclosed one from Miss Mitford, expressing a wish to have a dramatic sketch for some annual, or other dramatic thing which she found it her interest, but no particular pleasure, to edit.

"Both these notes were models of fascinating colloquial elegance and simplicity, more especially that of the, at that time, invisible poetess, and they should both be here presented to the reader, but that, at present, they have not been extracted from amidst the accumulations of bygone years." (And I am still unable to discover them.)

"That occasion, however, was my first introduction to Miss Mitford; and my first to the learned and accomplished poetess—the greatest lyric poetess the world has ever known—was by a note from Mrs. O—, enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry, or merely verses. As there was no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to *Colburn's New Monthly*, edited, at that time, by Mr. Edward Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton), where it appeared in the current number."

That which led to my acquaintance with Miss Mitford will be seen in the first letter from Mrs. Browning, which will here be given. But with respect to Mrs. Browning a few words should be added:—"It may be generally understood that this equally gifted and accomplished lady, having been for years confined to her rooms, like an exotic plant in a green-house, being considered in constant danger of rapid decline, occupied her time, not only in the arduous study of poetry, but also in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She was also well acquainted with all the greatest authors of France and Italy in the original, and, apparently, with the poetry of the Portuguese. But it is not so generally known, and perhaps very little known, that she was a most assiduous reader of English literature, and conversant equally with the earliest authors, and the best of those of our own day. Her criticisms in the *Athenæum*, and in her private letters, are among the most exquisite ever penned; discriminating and applauding all the power and beauty; lenient to errors and shortcomings, and rich with imaginative illustrations. She had also a subtle in-

stinct as to character, the more remarkable considering her years of seclusion from the world. But these things can only be known to few, the very few who enjoyed the privilege of being in her society or ranking among her correspondents. In the opinion of some of them—and of one, at least—nobody ever wrote such letters and notes, not even the most celebrated of the lady letter-writers handed down for the world's admiration. The general knowledge, varied learning and reading, fine taste, and the noble heart and mind, were only to be surpassed, if that could be, by her utter simplicity and charming colloquial carelessness. Of course no single letter would display all these qualities, but it would be difficult to produce half a dozen which did not." And let me also request the present reader to bear in mind that those letters which would best justify the foregoing opinion have not been selected for this first collection, the editor thinking he should rather be governed by the dates, or the approximate dates, so as to make them illustrative of certain literary men and women of her day (now thirty years ago and upwards), and of certain books and other literary work with which she was occupied.

Something else, important to my own feelings, I am anxious to explain. It will have been seen that it was my happiness, and it is not without a just pride, that I was instrumental in the first introduction of Miss E. B. Barrett to the literary world; in the next place, I was many years her senior, and thus, besides such works as I had published, and other literary engagements, with the whole of which in that seclusion of hers she was fully conversant, she also knew of my varied experiences in foreign lands of a very different kind; and all these things, acting upon her imagination in solitude, together with a most unexampled over-estimate of all reason to be grateful for my slight services, and off-shoots of correspondence, have caused expressions of gratitude and deference far beyond any adequate cause, and which, with profound respect to her memory, I beg to disclaim. For the frequent reference, also, to my Tragedies and other works, let me ask the reader to grant me his pardon—the more necessary, if, as will be likely, with so many readers of the present day, they have never read a line of them; and it may add to my excuse for the inability, for obvious reasons, to omit such passages, that the books in question, with

only three exceptions, have all been long out of print, and, so far as I can see into the "forlorn hopes" of the tragic drama, likely to remain so. For the compliments, then, and other kind remarks in these letters, once for all, let me ask the reader's forgiveness. I cannot erase them without causing a mist and confusion in matters very clear in these letters as they stand.

The first letter here given had been preceded by several others, as will be perceptible; but they cannot as yet be found. This first one will prove that my apologies were no "piece of affectation." It is unlucky for my modesty — such as it is, or is not — that so glaring a need for excuses should have broken through the dark clouds of thirty years at the very outset. I am glad to say, however, that there is no other compliment that goes quite so far as this.

It refers to something written by me, at Miss Barrett's earnest request, in one of Finden's Illustrated Annuals, which was to be edited, and in fact "furnished," by her friend Miss Mitford. I did not at all like these ornamental efflorescences of passing literature, as both ladies knew; the thing was done, nevertheless, being cast in the shape of the most concise trilogy ever written — viz., a tragedy founded on the German legend of the Death-Fetches. I have never seen it since, nor anybody else in all probability. One knows the fate — the deserved fate — of these annual gildings.

BEACON TERRACE, TORQUAY,
Nov. 20th, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — In passing to the immediate occasion of my troubling you with these lines, allow me to thank you — to join mine to the thanks of many — for the pleasure of admiration (surely not the least of the pleasures of this world) with which I have read your trilogy. It is so full of fine conception that its brevity grows into a fault, — one would so willingly see it brought out into detail and consummation. But, even as it is, believe in my contentment — speaking for myself.

The moonlight scene is exquisite, and there is, particularly distinguishable in that) a music of *broken cadences* which I have seldom observed out of Shakespeare. It is the Fetch of a great tragedy — for all the briefness.

I should not have ventured to trouble you with opinions you might so easily take for granted, if it were not for another circumstance. Two months or more ago, you will remember asking me to send you a short poem by return of post, for a particular purpose. I was ill able to write at the time, but still worse able to endure the appearance of discourtesy towards you in such a trifle, and therefore I

sent you two MSS. which I had by me, the shortest I had, but evidently too long to suit you. I did it just and only that you might not think me ill-natured; — and the event having proved their uselessness to you otherwise, perhaps you would be kind enough to enclose them back to me — that is, if you can readily put your hand upon them. The "Madrigal of Flowers" is one title, and the "Cry of the Human" the other. I am afraid of involving you in some trouble of search for which you may well reproach me. So, pray, if you cannot readily put your hand upon them, put the subject out of your head.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

To R. H. Horne,
75, Gloucester Place, London.

It is thus apparent that a good many previous notes are, in all probability, wanting; and equally so that there must also be still more missing, which were received between the foregoing and following notes.

The next letter refers to the unusual circumstance of a "hooping-cough" being caught a second time. But so it was. Having been engaged as one of the Assistant Commissioners in the Government inquiry into the "Employment of Children and Young Persons in Mines and Manufactories," I chanced one day to be seated for a couple of hours, during an east wind of the winter months, taking the evidence of some children, in a newly plastered church ante-room, with the accompaniment of a thorough draft from doors and windows; and a first-rate cough, with all the "hooping" convulsions, like "laughter holding both his sides" (with a difference), was the consequence. But a very much more important subject, viz., the struggles of an heroic spirit in a most fragile and fluttering frame, will be discovered in the following profoundly interesting and touching letter: —

Post-Mark — TORQUAY,
June 12th, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. HORNE, — I am so sorry about the hooping-cough. As a means of "re-juvenescence," why, one might as pleasantly pass into and through Medea's kettle. Do try to remember when you write again, and tell me how you are; if the change of air perfects the good it has begun. For my own part I never had the hooping-cough at all. I stood alone in my family, and wouldn't have it when everybody else was hooping.

Mind, if you please — I wrote two notes to you instead of one, and had it not been for the fear of teasing you beyond bounds, should certainly have written a third to ask about the cough. The first was put into a dangerous

envelope—out of perverseness and faith in the right measure, and perhaps glided away. But I have sent a hundred of those little letters, and received still more, and never missed, or was missed, till now—if now. So, why shouldn't I be perverse?

I am revived just now—pleased, anxious, excited altogether, in the hope of touching at last upon my last days at this place. I have been up, and bore it excellently—up an hour at a time without fainting—and on several days without injury,—and now am looking forward to the journey. My physician has been open with me, and is of opinion that there is a good deal of risk to be run in attempting it. But my mind is made up to go; and if the power remains to me, I *will* go. To be at home and relieved from the sense of doing evil where I would soonest bring a blessing—of breaking up poor papa's domestic peace into fragments by keeping my sisters here (and he won't let them leave me)—would urge me into any possible "risk"—to say nothing of the continual repulsion, night and day, of the sights and sounds of this dreary place. There will be no opposition. So papa promised me at the beginning of last winter that I should go when it became "possible." Then, Dr. Scully did not talk of "risk," but of certain consequences. He said I should die on the road. I know how to understand the change of phrase. There is only a "risk" now—and the journey is "possible." So, I go.

We are to have one of the patent carriages, with a thousand springs, from London, and I am afraid of nothing. I shall set out, I *hope*, in a fortnight.

Ah, but not directly for London. There is to be some intermediate place where we all must meet, papa says, and stay for a month or two before the final settlement in Wimpole Street,—and he names "Clifton," and I pray for the neighbourhood of London, because I look far (too far, perhaps, for me), and fear being left an exile again at those Hot Wells during the winter. I don't know what the "finality measure" may be. The only thing *fixed* is a journey from hence:—and "if I fall," as the heroes say, why you and Psyche must walk by yourselves. *She*, at least, won't be the worse for it."

The last sentence alludes to a mutually projected lyrical drama on the Greek model. An outline of the design, and the proposed "division of labour," will subsequently be given.

Who taught this parrot its "How d'ye do?" and so much irrelevancy? You would be tired of me even if you hadn't the hooping-cough.

Is it true that Mr. Heraud's magazine is downfallen? And why?

But don't answer my questions—don't indeed write at all until you are better, and able and inclined to write. Writing is so bad—

leaning to write is so bad—and I don't suppose that you could write in the way I do, leaning backwards instead of forwards—lying down, in fact. I write *so* "to the Horse Guards."

How you would smile sarcasms and epigrams out of the "hood" if you could see from it what I have been doing, or rather suffering, lately! Having my picture taken, by a lady miniature-painter, who wandered here to put an old vow of mine to proof. For it wasn't the ruling passion, "strong in death," "though by your smiling you may seem to say so," but a sacrifice to papa.

Are you tossed about much by the agitation of political matters—or indifferently calm? I hear nothing from London except what Lord Melbourne has done, or the Queen said.

Dear Mr. Horne, don't let me mar anything in your conception, with regard to the Drama [referring to the design of "Psyche"]. Push any foolishness aside which seems to do it.

I did *not* understand your particular view. I thought that our philosopher (Medon), having laboriously worked himself blind with the vain, earthward, cramped striving of his intellect, was suddenly thrown upon the verge of awaking in, and to, the spiritual world, by a casualty relating to his body itself. It was something of that sort which I seemed to discern in what you wrote. Don't mar anything for me, dear Mr. Horne. Truly yours,

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Perhaps we may not be gone from hence so soon as a—a fortnight, after all. If you are inclined to write, do not hesitate about directing *here*, as usual, until I say more. I remember something of Broadstairs, deep in a cloud of childish thoughts.

It will have been noticed that while the very life of the suffering writer of these Letters is about to be imperilled by a long journey, how kindly considerate she is of others—her father, sisters, the occupation of my time,—and in other notes she again alludes to that "hooping" torment which lasted me, "on and off," nearly a year and a half.

The next two Letters refer to the "legitimate drama," and the Patent Monopoly once possessed by three special London theatres. This is not the place to say much upon the subject, *viz.*, the prominent part I took in destroying that monopoly. Let me merely repeat that I considered it right that all such monopoly should be destroyed, and (as I put it in the Petitions to both Houses) "that every theatre should be permitted to enact the best dramas they could obtain." From the ashes of that monopoly I, and those who worked with me at the destruction, expected to see a new race both of dramatists and actors arise. Never were

sanguine hopes more utterly defeated — made a mockery of — and far worse idols set up in the temples than those which had been cast down. And here we shall see a young lady, living in utter seclusion, and precariously hovering on the brink of the grave, who had far keener instincts and far wiser foresight than the man to whom she was writing with so much modesty and deference. She was requested to place her name, among other signatures of eminent persons, to the Petitions in question. I could not but be charmed, at the time, with the elegant humility and kindly regrets, mixed with unalterable firmness, conveyed in her replies; but how must I admire all she said, now that I look around at the great majority of the stages of London, knowing that they have spread their pestilence all over the world ever since we destroyed those Patent Monopolies?

TORQUAY, (not dated, but the post-mark looks like 1841.)

Nothing of the "tragic subject" to-day, dear Mr. Horne: I am going to get into a scrape instead.

I tremble to do it, take a long breath before I begin, and then beg you to excuse me about the signature, and forgive me, if possible, afterwards.

Have I done it? Is it all over with me? Oh! I feel the shadow of the great Gregory's hand, to match the foot, even at this distance.

Alluding to what is said in my tragedy, of the hand and foot of Hildebrand.

As to the Petition, the justice of the claim lies upon the surface, and its policy not much deeper, and therefore in writing, and predicting all success, I need not stir from the common sense of the question. You are sure to gain the immediate object, and you ought to do so, even though the ultimate object remain as far off as ever, and more evidently far. There is a deeper evil than licenses or the want of licenses — the base and blind public taste. Multiply your theatres and license every one — do it to-day. And the day after to-morrow (you may have one night) there will come Mr. Bunn, and turn out you and Shakespeare with a great roar of lions. Well! — we shall see.

You know far more than I do, and you seem to hope more. If the great mass in London were Athenians, I might hope too.

But I do not like giving my name to anything about the theatres. It is a name unimportant to everybody in the world except just myself, for whom the giving of it would be the sign of an opinion; — and I should not like to give it in any one thing favourable to the theatres. At their best, take the ideal of them, and the soul of the Drama is far above the stage; and according to present and perhaps all past regulations in this country, Dra-

matic poetry has been desecrated into the dust of our treading, — yes, and too often forced to desecration, and drawn down morally in turn, by the stage. When the poet has his gods in the gallery, what must be the end of it? Why, that even Shakespeare should bow his starry head oftener than the former nodded — and write down his pure genius into the dirt of the groundlings, for the sake of the savour of their "most sweet voices;" — and even so, be out-written in popularity for years and years by his half-brother noble geniuses, Beaumont and Fletcher, *because* they stooped still lower.

Well, but, dear Mr. Horne, if you shake your head ever so much over this, and call me ever so many names — don't be really angry: I can't afford to let you be angry with me. People will have their fancies and perversities, — grant me mine. If the name you asked for were not "bosh," I should be still more sorry than I now am to say "no" to your asking. And yet even now, even as it is, I didn't like writing — either yesterday or the day before — nor do I to-day!

The "Monthly Chronicle" has not reached me yet. I am eager for the added scene of "Cosmo."

And glad, dear Mr. Horne, that you could like anything in the volume where there is more to forgive than like, for the kindest.

Ever truly yours,

E. B. B.

"Cosmo" alludes to my tragedy; and the remark about the "volume," referring, no doubt, to her first publication, shows that many letters and notes are missing. Not being sure they may not yet be found, let me ask permission to defer my explanation of how such literary treasures may have been lost.

TORQUAY, (no date given.)

Thank you, dear Mr. Horne, for the "Statesman," which is returned by the present post. So, dramatists can't originate under the Guelphs — can't "call their souls their own" — and nothing *is* originated in your tragedies. Such nonsense shouldn't provoke us as it does — *but* it does.

Now, there is that Mr. Darley who has written a "Dramatic Chronicle" ("Thomas à Beckett"), to prove that, nature being exhausted, there can be no more tragedies. No; the "Chronicle" was not written to prove it: the Preface was. But he might more safely have left it to the "Chronicle" — q. e. d. A clever, picturesque composition — powerful in a certain way, though not in the tragic. If Mr. Darley stood alone as a tragedian, his proposition would be irrefutable. Not that I disesteem him. He wrote a beautiful, tuneful pastoral, once — "Sylvia, or the May Queen," but the missing thing is passion — pathos — if not a *besides*.

How wonderful that such ideas should be taken up by people with one!

Part of the foregoing denunciation is attributable to a friendly championship, Mr. Darley, it was said, having wielded the pen that made an attack upon me in a critical journal. Justice is done to his pastoral poem, but only a stinted justice to some of his dramatic writing. In one of his Chronicles, there is a fight described between the High Chancellor, "tower-heavy Turketul," and "Gorm," a Scandinavian sea-king, worthy of the most heroic bardic power. Turketul at last strikes Gorm a finishing blow with his mace, and merely makes this terribly grim comment upon the affair —

Fell — laughed — and died ! He made a goodly end !

The letter alludes in a complimentary way to the critical journal in which Mr. Darley was writing his dramatic heresies (though I got him to sign our Petition, notwithstanding), adding humorously, however, —

But as to *poetry*, they are all sitting (in mistake), just now, upon Caucasus for Parnassus — and wondering why they don't see the Muses ! He hasn't a heart even for Beaumont and Fletcher ; and, to his mind, the cause of the abundance of poetical genius in the old times was — the difficulty they had in writing ! We spell too well for anything ! Here's a discovery !

It comes to this. If poetry, under any form, be exhaustible, Nature is ; and if Nature be — we are near a blasphemy — I, for one, could not believe in the immortality of the soul.

Si l'âme est immortelle,
L'amour ne l'est-il pas ?

Extending *l'amour* into all love of the ideal, and attendant power of idealizing.

But, ah ! there may be another mistake ! Dear Mr. Horne, do you fancy that directly you have opened the minor theatres, "*Cosmos*" and "*Gregories*," unwritten by you, will pour through the doors ? I don't ; though the present system is iniquitous, and everything involving a patent odious, and your reformation is always desirable. I don't believe in "mute, inglorious Miltons," and, far less, in mute, inglorious Shakespeares. Van Amburgh's new elephant will take turn with "*Gregory the Seventh*" — you will see.

Which reminds me of another sort of taking turn — the sort you propose — in cruel jest as I must suppose. You think it would be a good joke to take "the click of small machinery" into your Gregorian chant. Well, I can only answer, in sober sadness, that I should like . . . and everybody would talk of want of proportion.

The concluding passage, the entire humility of which I cannot bring myself to copy, refers to the Greek subject we

had in contemplation to write as a lyrical drama.

Where do you go in July ? — for *me* I can't answer. I am longing to go to London, and hoping to the last. For the present — certainly the window has been opened twice — an inch — but I can't be lifted even to the sofa without fainting. And my physician shakes his head, or changes the conversation, which is worse, whenever London is mentioned. But I do grow stronger ; and if it becomes possible, I shall go — WILL go ! That sounds better — doesn't it ? Putting it off to another summer, is like a "never."

Oh ! I was so glad to have your note. I really thought you had gone to America, or were tired of me — worse still. I never thought of "neglect," that being such a wrong word — but, otherwise, I lie here fancying all sorts of things in heaven and earth.

It is a shame to expect all this stuff to be read by any person with their time filled up as yours must be. Never mind throwing aside what I write for your leisure. Never let me be in the way. Pray don't. To prove myself not quite inconsiderate, I wanted (should have preferred it) to send you something meant for the M. C., to know from you whether it should be some thing or another thing ; but I enclose it by this post to the Editor, that I may not wear you quite away. Now, if you are tired, you are avenged, for I am too.

Ever truly,

E. B. B.

The spiritual strength, the force and fortitude of mind, combined with the modest self-estimate, and the temporary forgetfulness of her own dangerous state, both in the full play of her intellect and in her considerateness for the occupation of other people's time, can require no comment ; but the intensely interesting circumstance of the immediate struggle, not only for emancipation from solitude, but *for life*, as recorded by herself at the *moment*, has never before been made known, and would furnish materials for a beautiful homily, which I must leave to more worthy hands than mine.

The next Letter has no date, but internal evidence shows that it was written some time after the one last given. It is very valuable as displaying the opinion of one learned lady of another learned lady of her own day, *viz.*, Mrs. Sara Coleridge.

Thank you, my dear Mr. Horne, you are kinder than kind. I am delighted with the engravings, and shall have the poets (at least Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Talfourd) framed, and hung up in this room. I only wish the editor had been one of them.

No more superfluous words, and thank you again.
E. B. B.

Wednesday. By the way, or rather out of the way, I hope I did not seem to infer any disrespect to Sara Coleridge in a general remark made in my letter yesterday. I forgot her while I wrote it. She is not a poet—she does not pretend to the faculty—but she has a lively fancy, as she has expressed it in her prose fairy-tale, and possesses perhaps more learning, in the strict sense, than any female writer of the day. A theological essay, in appendix to the late edition of her father's philosophical works, is remarkable for its erudition, and its calm and candid ratiocination. A little wire-drawn, but of sturdy metal. I have a high respect for Mrs. Coleridge!

And you will please to recollect, Mr. Horne, that when I talk of women, I do not speak of them (as many men do, and as perhaps you yourself are somewhat inclined to do) according to a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard, but according to the common standard of human nature.

There is a postscript scarcely proportionate to the antescipt!

With reference to all the expressions of thanks for kindness, and so forth, in the commencement of the foregoing Letter, one of the very earliest I received, and which cannot at present be found, would have made the cause clear enough. The correspondence having originated, as previously described, Miss Barrett briefly mentioned her state of health, and her isolation; frankly adding that "the opportunity of some mental relief" (in the way of literary communication and talk on general topics of the outer world) "was irresistible." What literary man could have felt otherwise than glad to give any time he could spare to such a correspondent (though, at the commencement, quite unknown to fame) and under such touching circumstances? A grateful nature caused her very much to over-estimate every little attention. I continually expected to hear of her death.

We will conclude this first of the series of Letters, by a choice morsel of graphic criticism,—showing how that faded little arm, being put forth from a sofa (whereon, as Miss Mitford used to tell me, the fair sufferer used to lie enveloped in large Indian shawls), could wield a gleaming scimeter, and strike home, either with impassioned eye, or, as in the present instance, with a forehead beaming with mixed indignation and irony.

The first part of the Letter, which is missing, but not lost, alludes to the election of Miss Strickland as an Honorary Member of the Literary Institute; the concluding part deals with one of a "discerning" public's tip-top favourites of

the hour, *viz.*, Robert Montgomery. And if anybody wishes to know who is meant by "Flushie," he is informed that it was the lady's favourite dog.

Date about 1842.

Talking of poets—no, not talking of poets, but thinking of poets—are you aware, O Orion, that the most popular poet alive is the Reverend Robert Montgomery, who walks into his twenty and somethingth edition "like nothing"? I mean the author of "Satan;" "Woman;" "Omnipresence of the Deity;" "The Messiah;"—the least of these being in its teens of editions, and the greatest, not worth a bark of my Flushie's! My Flushie is more of a poet, by the shining of his eyes! But is it not wonderful that this man who waves his white handkerchief from the pulpit till the tears run in rivulets all round, should have another trick of oratory (as good) where he can't show the ring on his little finger? I really do believe that the "Omnipresence of the Deity" is in the twenty-fourth edition, or beyond it,—a fact that cannot be stated in respect to Wordsworth after all these years.

Thirty years have elapsed since "all these years," and can the above fact be stated even now? We are speaking of the last thirty years.

Can it be said of Milton? It may be doubted, with reference to his "Paradise Regained," and other unsurpassable Poems, nearly all of them being equal (in *poetry*) to the "Paradise Lost"; and certainly it cannot be said of Chaucer and Spenser. Whose works, let us ask, among the greatest poets of the last thirty years and more, have reached their twenty-fourth editions up to this time? Not one; while those most read at the present period have not reached much beyond half that number. And out of these facts a very curious, though, I fear, a very unprofitable, as well as unpleasant, question arises in the mind. Those tens of thousands, so many of whose eyes ran rivulets at the waving of the theological cambric—just as it is said that a popular preacher of a previous date never pronounced the word "Mesopotamia," but nearly all his hearers melted into tears—these goodly folks were all in various degrees of earnestness; all, more or less, affected; and they thronged in bleating droves to the purchase of the dear-one's poems in the full fervour of fashionably, as well as seriously, devout readers. The same classes of persons exist at the present day; but what has become of those sacred poems? Whither have vanished all those thousands upon thousands of expensive books, since none are ever seen

in shops, or book-stalls — not even in the sixpenny side-baskets? They may have been packed off to the backwoods of America and Canada, or the convict colony of Western Australia, — for surely their very paper was too costly for trunk-linings or groceries? And why are not additional twenty-fourth editions printed by enterprising religious booksellers up to the present hour? Will anybody venture to reply that the "Omnipresence of the Deity" has had its day? — and the "Messiah" has had its day? — and "Satan" and "Woman" have had theirs? But as these subjects are inexhaustible, it only requires another similar kind of pulpit-fascination to treat them in an equally popular way! Put the cloven foot into a fashionable boot, and the wearer may, as Miss Barrett says, "walk into his twenty-and-somethingth edition, 'like nothing,'" as easily now as it was done thirty years ago. *Can* this be true? I do not entirely believe it. For lo! the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, a chaplain to the Queen, and a critical lover of true poetry, has given a public Lecture in honour of Shelley, and quoted him for high praise in the pulpit. A change has come, and is advancing; slowly, — still, as Galileo said, "it moves." But I *do* believe we have not yet moved so far but that if another preacher, and that of the present day, equal in popularity to the Rev. Robert Montgomery, were to uplift his stentorian voice in pouring forth from the housetop an oration in verse upon some startling text of general application, that the issue of that so-called Poem would run through more editions in the same space of time than those of the Laureate and all the other first-class living poets put together. If quantity were the test of quality, the most popular living poet would be Mr. M. F. Tupper. The same average immobility (with regard to the highest works of imagination), and the same average concurrence, seem to have existed at all times; and exists still. The public, as a body, really do not know one thing from another (so far as *poetry* is concerned) during at least twenty years; and even then, our true-Briton public does not bend and soften towards any given instance until inspired by some ruling spirit of the hour — whatever spirit that may be. Obviously it could not arise from the old-fashioned, common-place cauldron of the *Quarterly Review*. In the number for July last, of that Caucasus whereon a critic "sits by mistake, taking it for Parnassus, and

wondering he does not see the Muses," we find a would-be ruling spirit, fated by nature and careful culture not to know one thing from another (as to *poetry*), endeavouring, as the *Spectator* says, "to take us back to the leading-strings of the last, and the beginning of the present century." In one of her Letters, reserved for next month, Miss Barrett speaks of Tennyson as "a divine poet," — and the same might be said, with similar truth, of Keats and Shelley; — and here we find a gentleman of the old school, who would take our day back to the couplet-system of the time of Pope, with its melodious monotonies, or the hard-featured and often painful realities of Crabbe. *Chacun a sa marotte*, and we should not quarrel with a gentleman because he has a fixed devotion to antiquated styles and old modes of thinking; but we must object to the staring self-contradiction of the principal poets of the time being first assailed as the introducers of new modes of thinking, and picturing thought, — and, in the next breath, accused of sacrificing thought to style and "external form." After admitting that the Laureate's style is "exquisite" — not without a sneer — the critic quotes a passage from Crabbe, as being good, wholesome English, as no doubt it is — every farmer's man would say so — and then makes an extract from Tennyson, describing a similar event, but treated poetically, — in fact, with certain additions (which he no more sees than the farmer's man would be likely to see), and politely designates it as "Celestial Chinese!" Nor is this gentleman sparing of epithets on the most finished of styles, calling its art "artifice" — "gross mannerism" — "trickery" — and he once allows himself to perpetrate the accusation of "charlatanry." In order to prove the superiority of the old couplet-system, he selects one of the most nobly graphic passages from Chaucer, but foisting-in triplets and Alexandrines, the "artifice" of which the readers of the *Quarterly Review* are assumed to be quite unlikely to perceive. As for Mr. Swinburne, the melodiousness of his verse is admitted, but the critic would obviously prefer by far the "real poetry" of Roger Cuff and Peter Grimes, to such "unmeaning music as Swinburne's 'Hymns' and 'Litanies.'" We believe the objection is generally made that they mean much more than is agreeable. In fine, the greatest living poets are accused of sacrificing the dear old style to the new thoughts — which is true — and of sacrificing "thoughts to

external style"—which is a direct contradiction. They are devoted to "word painting," and then we are sagely informed that "a picture represents *nothing* to us but the outward form." We are thus satisfactorily shown at once, by the critic himself, how very worthy he is to have looked upon the pictures of Francia, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Ribera, Titian, and other great masters of the expression of intensities of thought and emotion; and how very fit a critic he is to take his place upon the judgment-seat with the delinquents before him, whom he has so dogmatically condemned.

Miss E. B. Barrett's contributions to an edition of "Chaucer Modernized" (in conjunction with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Robert Bell, the present writer, and others), together with her remarks on Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England;" on Harriet Martineau; on certain contributors to *Blackwood*; on Miss Sedgwick (after her return to America, to "print the notes" she had "taken") on English Versification and Rhymes; with other topics, will constitute the substance of the next selection from our authoress's Letters. R. H. HORNE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY.

It is a noticeable fact about the popular songs of Tuscany that they are almost exclusively devoted to love. The Italians in general have no ballad literature resembling that of our border or that of Spain. The tragic histories of their noble families, the great deeds of their national heroes, and the sufferings of their country during centuries of warfare, have left but few traces in their rustic poetry. It is true that some districts are less utterly barren than others in these records of the past. The Sicilian people's poetry, for example, preserves a memory of the famous Vespers, and one or two terrible stories of domestic tragedy, like the Romance of the Baronessa di Carini, and the so-called Caso di Sciacca, may still be heard upon the lips of the people. But these exceptions are insignificant in comparison with the vast mass of songs which deal with Love; and I cannot find that Tuscany, where the language of this minstrelsy is purest, and where the artistic instincts of the race are strongest, has anything at all approaching to our ballads. Though the

Tuscan Contadini are always singing, it never happens that—

the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

On the contrary, we may be sure when we hear their voices ringing through the olive groves or *macchie*, that they are chanting—

some more humble lay,
Familiar matters of to-day,—
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again :

or else, since their melodies are by no means uniformly sad, some ditty of the joyousness of springtime or the ecstasy of love. This defect of anything corresponding to our ballads of Chevy Chase, or Sir Patrick Spens, or Gil Morrice, in a poetry which is still so vital with the life of past centuries, is all the more remarkable because Italian history is distinguished above that of other nations by tragic episodes peculiarly suited to poetic treatment. Many of these received commemoration in the fourteenth century from Dante; others were embodied in the *Novelle* of Boccaccio and Cinthio and Bandello, whence they passed into the dramas of Shakespeare, Webster, Ford, and their contemporaries. But scarcely an echo can be traced through all the volumes of the recently collected popular songs. We must seek for an explanation of this fact partly in the conditions of Italian life, and partly in the nature of the Italian imagination. Nowhere in Italy do we observe that intimate connection between the people at large and the great nobles which generates the sympathy of clanship. Politics in most parts of the peninsula fell at a very early period into the hands either of irresponsible princes, who ruled like despots, or else of burghers, who administered the state within the walls of their *palazzo publico*. The people remained passive spectators of contemporary history. The loyalty of subjects to their sovereign which animates the Spanish ballads, the loyalty of retainers to their chief which gives life to the tragic ballads of the border, did not exist in Italy. Country-folk felt no interest in the doings of Visconti or Medici or Malatesti sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of local bards, or to call forth the celebration of their princely tragedies in verse. Amid the miseries of foreign wars and home oppression, it seemed better to demand

from verse and song some mitigation of the woes of life, some expression of personal emotion, than to record the disasters which to us at a distance appear poetic in their grandeur. These conditions of popular life, although unfavourable to the production of ballad poetry, would not, however, have been sufficient by themselves to check its growth, if the Italians had been strongly impelled to literature of this type by their nature. The real reason why their Volkslieder are amorous and personal is to be found in the quality of their imagination. The Italian genius is not imaginative in the highest sense. The Italians have never, either in the ancient or the modern age, produced a great drama or a national epic, the *Æneid* and the *Divine Comedy* being obviously of different species from the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungen Lied*. They shrink in their poetry from the representation of what is tragic and spirit-stirring. They incline to what is cheerful, brilliant, or pathetic. The dramatic element in human life, external to the personality of the poet, which exercised so strong a fascination over our ballad-bards and playwrights, has no attraction for the Italian. When he sings, he seeks to express his own individual emotions—his love, his joy, his jealousy, his anger, his despair. The language which he uses is at the same time direct in its intensity, and hyperbolic in its display of fancy; but it lacks those imaginative touches which exalt the poetry of personal passion into a sublimer region. Again, the Italians are deficient in a sense of the supernatural. The wraiths that cannot rest because their love is still unsatisfied, the voices which cry by night over field and fell, the water-spirits and forest fairies, the second-sight of coming woes, the presentiment of death, the warnings and the charms and spells, which fill the popular poetry of all northern nations, are absent in Italian songs. In the whole of Tigri's collection I only remember one mention of a ghost. It is not that the Italians are deficient in superstitions of all kinds. Every one has heard of their belief in the evil eye, for instance. But they do not connect this kind of fetichism with their poetry, and even their greatest poets, with the exception of Dante, have shown no capacity or no inclination for enhancing the imaginative effect of their creations by an appeal to the instinct of mysterious awe. The truth is that the Italians as a race are distinguished as much by a firm grasp upon the practical reali-

ties of existence, as by powerful emotions. They have but little of that dreamy *Schwärmerei* with which the people of the north are largely gifted. The sphere of their genius is painting. What appeals to the imagination through the eyes they have expressed far better than any other modern nation. But their poetry, like their music, is deficient in tragic sublimity and in all the higher qualities of imaginative creation. It may seem paradoxical to say this of the nation which produced Dante. But we must remember not to judge races by single and exceptional men of genius. Petrarch, the Troubadour of exquisite emotions, Boccaccio, who touches all the keys of life so lightly, Ariosto, with the smile of everlasting April on his lips, and Tasso, excellent alone when he confines himself to pathos or the picturesque, are no exceptions to what I have just said. Yet these poets pursued their art with conscious purpose. The tragic splendour of Greece, the majesty of Rome, were not unknown to them. Far more is it true that popular poetry in Italy, proceeding from the hearts of uncultivated peasants and expressing the national character in its simplicity, displays none of the stuff from which the greatest works of art in verse, epics and dramas, can be wrought. But within its own sphere of personal emotion, this popular poetry is exquisitely melodious, inexhaustibly rich, unique in modern literature for the direct expression which it has given to every shade of passion.

Signor Tigri's collection,* to which I shall confine my attention in this paper, consists of eleven hundred and eighty-five Rispetti, with the addition of four hundred and sixty-one Stornelli. Rispetto, it may be said in passing, is the name commonly given throughout Italy to short poems, varying from six to twelve lines, constructed on the principle of the octave stanza. That is to say, the first part of the Rispetto consists of four or six lines with alternate rhymes, while one or more couplets complete the poem. The Stornello, or Ritournelle, never exceeds three lines, and owes its name to the return which it makes at the end of the last line to the rhyme given by the emphatic word of the first. Browning, in his poem of Fra Lippo Lippi, has accustomed English ears to one common spe-

* *Canti Popolari Toscani, raccolti e annotati da Giuseppe Tigri. Volume unico. Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1869.*

cies of the Stornello,* which sets out with the name of a flower, and rhymes with it, as thus :—

Fior di narciso,
Prigionero d'amore mi son reso,
Nel rimirare il tuo leggiadro viso.

The divisions of those two sorts of songs to which Tigrì gives names like *The Beauty of Women*, *The Beauty of Men*, *Falling in Love*, *Serenades*, *Happy Love*, *Unhappy Love*, *Parting*, *Absence*, *Letters*, *Return to Home*, *Anger* and *Jealousy*, *Promises*, *Entreaties* and *Reproaches*, *Indifference*, *Treachery* and *Abandonment*, prove with what fulness the various phases of the tender passion are treated. Through the whole fifteen hundred the one theme of Love is never relinquished. Only two persons, "I" and "thou," appear upon the scene; yet so fresh and so various are the moods of feeling, that one can read them from first to last without too much satiety.

To seek for the authors of these ditties would be useless. Some of them may be as old as the fourteenth century; others may have been made yesterday. Some are the native product of the Tuscan mountain villages, especially of the regions round Pistoja and Siena, where on the spurs of the Apennines the purest Italian is vernacular. Some, again, are importations from other provinces, caught up by the peasants of Tuscany and adapted to their taste and style; for nothing travels faster than a Volkslied. Born some morning in a noisy street of Naples, or on the solitary slopes of Radicofani, before the week is out, a hundred voices are repeating it. Waggoners and pedlars carry it across the hills to distant towns. It floats with the fishermen from bay to bay, and marches with the conscript to his barrack in a far-off province. Who was the first to give it shape and form? No one asks, and no one cares. A student well acquainted with the habits of the people in these matters says—"If they knew the author of a ditty they would not learn it, far less if they discovered that it was a scholar's." If the cadence takes their ear, they consecrate the song at once by

placing it upon the honoured list of "ancient lays." Passing from lip to lip and from district to district, it receives additions and alterations, and becomes the property of a score of provinces. Meanwhile the poet from whose soul it blossomed that first morning like a flower, remains contented with obscurity. The wind has carried from his lips the thistle-down of song, and sown it on a hundred hills and meadows, far and wide. After such wise is the birth of all truly popular compositions. Who knows, for instance, the veritable author of many of those mighty German chorals which sprang into being at the period of the Reformation? The first inspiration was given, probably, to a single mind; but the melody, as it has reached us, is the product of a thousand. This accounts for the variations which in different dialects and districts the same song presents. Meanwhile it is sometimes possible to trace the authorship of a ballad with marked local character to an improvisatore famous in his village, or to one of those professional rhymesters whom the country-folk employ in the composition of love-letters to their sweethearts at a distance. Tommaseo, in the preface to his *Canti Popolari*, mentions in particular a Beatrice di Pian degli Ontani, whose poetry was famous through the Mountains of Pistoja, and Tigrì records by name a little girl called Cherubina, who made Rispetti by the dozen as she watched her sheep upon the hills. One of the songs in his collection (page 181) contains a direct reference to the village letter-writer :—

Salutatemi, bella, lo scrivano;
Non lo conosco e non so chi si sia.
A me mi pare un poeta sovrano,
Tanto gli è sperto nella poesia.

While I am writing thus about the production and dissemination of these love-songs, I cannot help remembering three days and nights which I once spent at sea between Genoa and Palermo, in the company of some conscripts who were going to join their regiment in Sicily. They were lads from the Milanese and Liguria, and they spent a great portion of their time in composing and singing poetry. One of them had a fine baritone voice; and when the sun had set, his comrades gathered round him and begged him to sing to them "*Con quella patetica tua voce.*" Then followed hours of singing, the low monotonous melodies of his ditties harmonizing wonderfully

* This song, called *Ciure* (Sicilian for *fiore*) in Sicily, is said by Signor Pirrè to be in dispute there. He once asked an old dame of Palermo to repeat him some of these ditties. Her answer was :—"You must get them from light women; I do not know any. They sing them in bad houses and prisons, where, God be praised, I have never been." In Tuscany there does not appear to be so marked a distinction between the flower-song and the *rispetto*.

with the tranquillity of night, so clear and calm that the sky and all its stars were mirrored on the sea through which we moved as if in a dream. Sometimes the songs provoked conversation, which, as is usual in Italy, turned mostly upon "le bellezze delle donne." I remember that once an animated discussion about the relative merits of blondes and brunettes nearly ended in a quarrel, when the youngest of the whole band, a boy of about seventeen, put a stop to the dispute by theatrically raising his eyes and arms to heaven and crying, "Tu sei innamorato d'una grande Diana cacciatrice nera, ed io d'una bella Venere bionda." Though they were but village lads, they supported their several opinions with arguments not unworthy of Firenzuola, and showed the greatest delicacy of feeling in the treatment of a subject which could scarcely have failed to reveal any latent coarseness.

The purity of all the Italian love songs collected by Tigri is very remarkable.* Although the passion expressed in them is oriental in its vehemence, not a word falls which could offend a virgin's ear. The one desire of lovers is life-long union in marriage. The damo—for so a sweetheart is termed in Tuscany—trembles until he has gained the approval of his future mother-in-law, and forbids the girl he is courting to leave her house to talk to him at night:—

Dice che tu ti affacci alla finestra:
Ma non ti dice che tu vada fuora,
Perchè, la notte, è cosa disonesta.

All the language of his love is respectful. Signore, or master of my soul, madonna, anima mia, dolce mio ben, nobile persona, are the terms of adoration with which he approaches his mistress. The elevation of feeling and perfect breeding which Manzoni has so well delineated in the loves of Renzo and Lucia are traditional among Italian country-folk. They are conscious that true gentleness is no matter of birth or fortune:—

E tu non mi lasciar per povertà,
Chè povertà non guasta gentilezza.†

* It must be remarked that Tigri draws a strong contrast in this respect between the songs of the mountain districts, which he has printed, and those of the towns, and that Pitre, in his edition of Sicilian Volkslieder, expressly alludes to the coarseness of a whole class which he has omitted.

† In a *rispetto*, of which I subjoin a translation, sung by a poor lad to a mistress of higher rank, love itself is pleaded as the sign of a gentle soul:

My state is poor: I am not meet
To court so nobly born a love;

This in itself constitutes an important element of culture, and explains to some extent the high romantic qualities of their impassioned poetry. The beauty of their land reveals still more. "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!" Virgil's exclamation is as true now as it was when he sang the labours of Italian country-folk some nineteen centuries ago. To a traveller from the north there is a pathos even in the contrast between the country in which these children of a happier climate toil, and those bleak, winter-beaten fields where our own peasants pass their lives. The cold nights and warm days of Tuscan spring-time are like a Swiss summer. They make rich pasture and a hardy race of men. Tracts of corn and oats and rye alternate with patches of flax in full flower, with meadows yellow with buttercups or pink with ragged robin; the young vines, running from bough to bough of elm and mulberry, are just coming into leaf. The poplars are fresh with bright green foliage. In the midst of this blooming plain stand ancient cities ringed with hills, some rising to snowy Apennines, some covered with white convents and sparkling with villas. Cypress-trees shoot, black and spire-like, amid grey clouds of olive boughs upon the slopes; and above, where vegetation borders on the barren rock, are masses of ilex and arbutus interspersed with chestnut-trees not yet in leaf. Men and women are everywhere at work, ploughing with great white oxen, or tilling the soil with spades six feet in length—sabellian ligones. The songs of nightingales among acacia trees, and the sharp scream of swallows wheeling in air mingle with the monotonous chant that always rises from the country people at their toil. Here and there on points of vantage, where the hill-slopes sink into the plain, cluster white villages with flower-like campanili. It is there that the *veglia*, or evening rendezvous of lovers, the serenades and balls and feste, of which one hears so much in the popular minstrelsy, take place. Of course it would not be difficult to paint the darker shades of this picture. Autumn comes, when the *contadini* of Lucca and Siena and Pistoja go forth to work in the unwholesome marshes of the Maremma or of Corsica and Sardinia. Dismal superstitions and hereditary hatreds cast their

For poverty hath tied my feet,
Trying to climb too far above.
Yet am I gentle, loving thee;
Nor need thou shun my poverty.

blight over a life externally so fair. The bad government of centuries has perverted in many ways the instincts of a people naturally mild and cheerful and peace-loving. But as far as nature can make men happy, these husbandmen are surely to be reckoned fortunate, and in their songs we find little to remind us of what is otherwise than sunny in their lot.

A translator of these Volkslieder has to contend with difficulties of no ordinary kind. The freshness of their phrases, the spontaneity of their sentiments, and the melody of their unstudied cadences, are inimitable. So again is the peculiar effect of their frequent transitions from the most fanciful imagery to the language of prose. No mere student can hope to rival, far less to reproduce, in a foreign tongue, the charm of verse which sprang untaught from the hearts of simple folk, which lives unwritten on the lips of lovers, and which should never be dissociated from singing.* There are, besides, peculiarities in the very structure of the popular *Rispetto*. The constant repetition of the same phrase with slight variations gives an antique force and flavour to these ditties, like that which we appreciate in our own ballads, but which may easily, in the translation, degenerate into weakness and insipidity. The Tuscan rhymester, again, allows himself the utmost licence. It is usual to find mere assonances like *bene* and *piacere*, *oro* and *volo*, *ala* and *alata*, in the place of rhymes; while such remote resemblances of sound as *colli* and *poggi*, *lascia* and *piazza*, are far from uncommon. To match these rhymes by joining "home" and "alone," "time" and "shine," &c., would of course be a matter of no difficulty; but it has seemed to me on the whole best to preserve, with some exceptions, such accuracy as the English ear requires. I fear, however, that, after all, these wild flowers of song transplanted to another climate and placed in a hot-house, will appear but pale and hectic by the side of their robust brethren of the Tuscan hills.

In the following serenade many of the peculiarities which I have just noticed occur. I have also adhered to the irregularity of rhyme which may be usually observed about the middle of the poem (p. 103):—

* When the Cherubini, of whom mention has been made above, was asked by Signor Tigni to dictate some of her *rispetti*, she answered: "Oh Signore! ne dico tanti quando li canto! . . . ma ora . . . bisognerebbe averli tutti in visione; se no, proprio non vengono."

Sleeping or waking, thou sweet face,
Lift up thy fair and tender brow:
List to thy love in this still place;
He calls thee to thy window now:
But bids thee not the house to quit,
Since in the night this were not meet.
Come to thy window, stay within;
I stand without, and sing and sing:
Come to thy window, stay at home;
I stand without, and make my moan.

Here is a serenade of a more impassioned character (p. 99):—

I come to visit thee, my beauteous queen,
Thee and the house where thou art harboured:
All the long way upon my knees, my queen,
I kiss the earth where'er thy footsteps tread.
I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the wall,
Whereby thou goest, maid imperial!
I kiss the earth, and gaze upon the house,
Whereby thou farest, queen most beauteous!

In the next the lover, who has passed the whole night beneath his sweetheart's window, takes leave at the break of day. The feeling of the half hour before dawn, when the sound of bells rises to meet the growing light, and both form a prelude to the glare and noise of day, is expressed with much unconscious poetry. (p. 105):—

I see the dawn e'en now begin to peer:
Therefore I take my leave, and cease to sing.
See how the windows open far and near,
And hear the bells of morning, how they ring!
Through heaven and earth the sounds of ringing swell;
Therefore, bright jasmine flower, sweet maid, farewell!
Through heaven and Rome the sound of ringing goes;
Farewell, bright jasmine flower, sweet maiden rose.

The next is more quaint (p. 99):—

I come by night, I come, my soul aflame;
I come in this fair hour of your sweet sleep:
And should I wake you up, it were a shame.
I cannot sleep, and lo! I break your sleep.
To wake you were a shame from your deep rest;
Love never sleeps, nor they whom Love hath blest.

A very great many *Rispetti* are simple panegyrics of the beloved, to find similitude for whose beauty heaven and earth are ransacked. The compliment of the first line in the following song is perfect (p. 23):—

Beauty was born with you, fair maid:
The sun and moon inclined to you;
On you the snow her whiteness laid,
The rose her rich and radiant hue:

Saint Magdalen her hair unbound,
And Cupid taught you how to wound —
How to wound hearts Dan Cupid taught :
Your beauty drives me love-distraught.

The lady in the next was December's
child (p. 25) : —

O beauty, born in winter's night,
Born in the month of spotless snow :
Your face is like a rose so bright ;
Your mother may be proud of you !
She may be proud, lady of love,
Such sunlight shines her house above :
She may be proud, lady of heaven,
Such sunlight to her home is given.

The sea wind is the source of beauty to
another (p. 16) : —

Nay, marvel not you are so fair ;
For you beside the sea were born :
The sea-waves keep you fresh and fair,
Like roses on their leafy thorn.
If roses grow on the rose-bush,
Your roses through mid-winter blush ;
If roses bloom on the rose-bed,
Your face can show both white and red.

The eyes of a fourth are compared, after
quite a new and original fashion, to
stars (p. 210) : —

The moon hath risen her plaint to lay
Before the face of Love Divine,
Saying in heaven she will not stay,
Since you have stolen what made her shine :
Aloud she wails with sorrow wan, —
She told her stars and two are gone :
They are not there ; you have them now ;
They are the eyes in your bright brow.

Nor are girls less ready to praise their
lovers, but that they do not dwell so much
on physical perfections. Here is a pleas-
ant greeting (p. 124).

O welcome, welcome, lily white,
Thou fairest youth of all the valley !
When I'm with you, my soul is light ;
I chase away dull melancholy.
I chase all sadness from my heart :
Then welcome, dearest that thou art !
I chase all sadness from my side :
Then welcome, O my love, my pride !
I chase all sadness far away ;
Then welcome, welcome, love, to-day !

The image of a lily is very prettily treated
in the next (p. 79) : —

I planted a lily yestreen at my window ;
I set it yestreen, and to-day it sprang up :
When I opened the latch and leaned out of
my window,
It shadowed my face with its beautiful cup.
O lily, my lily, how tall you are grown !
Remember how dearly I loved you, my own.
O lily, my lily, you'll grow to the sky !
Remember I love you fore'er and aye.

The same thought of love growing like a
flower receives another turn (p. 69) : —

On yonder hill I saw a flower,
And, could it thence be hither borne,
I'd plant it here within my bower,
And water it both eve and morn.
Small water wants the stem so straight :
'Tis a love-lily stout as fate.
Small water wants the root so strong :
'Tis a love-lily lasting long.
Small water wants the flower so sheen :
'Tis a love-lily ever green.

Envious tongues have told a girl that her
complexion is not good. She replies
with imagery like that of Virgil's "*Alba
ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur*"
(p. 31) : —

Think it no grief that I am brown,
For all brunettes are born to reign :
White is the snow, yet trodden down ;
Black pepper kings need not disdain :
White snow lies moulded on the vales ;
Black pepper's weighed in brazen scales.

Another song runs on the same subject
(p. 38) : —

The whole world tells me that I'm brown.
The brown earth gives us goodly corn ;
The clove-pink too, however brown,
Yet proudly in the hand 'tis borne.
They say my love is black, but he
Shines like an angel-form to me :
They say my love is dark as night ;
To me he seems a shape of light.

The freshness of the following spring
song recalls the ballads of the Val de
Vire in Normandy (p. 85) : —

It was the morning of the first of May,
Into the close I went to pluck a flower ;
And there I found a bird of woodland gay,
Who whiled with songs of love the silent hour.
O bird, who fleest from fair Florence, how
Dear love begins, I prithee teach me how ! —
Love it begins with music and with song,
And ends with sorrow and with sighs ere long.

Love at first sight is described (p. 79) : —

The very moment that we met,
That moment Love began to beat :
One glance of love we gave, and swore
Never to part for evermore :
We swore together, sighing deep,
Never to part till Death's long sleep.

Here too is a memory of the first days of
love (p. 79) : —

If I remember, it was May
When love began between us two :
The roses in the close were gay,
The cherries blackened on the bough.
O cherries black and pears so green !
Of maidens fair you are the queen.
Fruit of black cherry and sweet pear !
Of sweethearts you're the queen, I swear.

The troth is plighted with such promises
as these (p. 230): —

Or ere I leave you, love divine,
Dead tongues shall stir and utter speech,
And running rivers flow with wine,
And fishes swim upon the beach;
Or ere I leave or shun you, these
Lemons shall grow on orange-trees.

The girl confesses her love after this
fashion (p. 86): —

Passing across the billowy sea,
I let, alas, my poor heart fall;
I bade the sailors bring it me;
They said they had not seen it fall.
I asked the sailors, one and two;
They said that I had given it you;
I asked the sailors two and three;
They said that I had given it thee.

It is not uncommon to speak of love as a
sea. Here is a curious play upon this
image (p. 227): —

Ho, Cupid! Sailor Cupid, ho!
Lend me awhile that bark of thine;
For on the billows I will go,
To find my love who once was mine:
And if I find her, she shall wear
A chain around her neck so fair,
Around her neck a glittering bond,
Four stars, a lily, a diamond.

It is also possible that the same thought
may occur in the second line of the next
ditty (p. 120): —

Beneath the earth I'll make a way
To pass the sea, and come to you.
People will think I'm gone away;
But, dear, I shall be seeing you.
People will say that I am dead;
But we'll pluck roses white and red.
People will think I'm lost for aye;
But we'll pluck roses, you and I.

All the little daily incidents are beautified
by love. Here is a lover who thanks the
mason for making his window so close
upon the road that he can see his sweet-
heart as she passes (p. 218): —

Blest be the mason's hand who built
This house of mine by the roadside,
And made my window low and wide
For me to watch my love go by.
And if I knew when she went by,
My window should be fairly gilt;
And if I knew what time she went,
My window should be flower-besprent.

Here is a conceit which reminds one of
the pretty epistle of Philostratus, in
which the footsteps of the beloved are
called *ἐρηρεσμένα φίλῳματα* (p. 117): —

What time I see you passing by,
I sit and count the steps you take:

You take the steps; I sit and sigh:
Step after step, my sighs awake.
Tell me, dear Love, which more abound,
My sighs or your steps on the ground?
Tell me, dear Love, which are the most,
Your light steps or the sighs they cost?

A girl complains that she cannot see her
lover's house (p. 117): —

I lean upon the lattice, and look forth
To see the house wherein my lover dwells.
There grows an envious tree that spoils my
mirth:

Cursed be the man who set it on these hills!
But when those jealous boughs are all unclad,
I then shall see the cottage of my lad:
When once that tree is rooted from the hills,
I'll see the house wherein my lover dwells.

In the same mood a girl who has just
parted from her sweetheart is angry with
the hill beyond which he is 'travelling' (p.
167): —

I see and see, yet see not what I would:
I see the leaves atremble on the tree:
I saw my love when on the hill he stood,
Yet see him not drop downward to the lea.
O traitor hill, what wilt thou do?
I ask him, live or dead, from you.
O traitor hill, what shall it be?
I ask him, live or dead, from thee.

All the songs of love in absence are very
quaint. Here is one which calls our
nursery rhymes to mind (p. 119): —

I would I were a bird so free,
That I had wings to fly away:
Unto that window I would flee,
Where stands my love and grinds all day.
Grind, miller, grind; the water's deep!
I cannot grind; love makes me weep.
Grind, miller, grind; the waters flow!
I cannot grind; love wastes me so.

The next begins after the same fashion,
but breaks into a very shower of bene-
dictions (p. 118): —

Would God I were a swallow free,
That I had wings to fly away:
Upon the miller's door I'd be,
Where stands my love and grinds all day:
Upon the door, upon the sill,
Where stands my love; — God bless him still!
God bless my love, and blessed be
His house, and bless my house for me;
Yea, blest be both, and ever blest
My lover's house and all the rest!

The girl alone at home in her garden
sees a wood-dove flying by and calls to
it (p. 179): —

O dove, who fliest far to yonder hill,
Dear dove, who in the rock hast made thy
nest,

Let me a feather from thy pinion pull,
For I will write to him who loves me best.

And when I've written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, dove so dear :
And when I've written it and sealed it, then
I'll give thee back thy feather love-laden."

A swallow is asked to lend the same
kind service (p. 179) : —

O Swallow, Swallow, flying through the air,
Turn, turn, I prithee, from thy flight above !
Give me one feather from thy wing so fair,
For I will write a letter to my love.
When I have written it and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, Swallow dear ;
When I have written it on paper white,
I'll make, I swear, thy missing feather right ;
When once 'tis written on fair leaves of gold,
I'll give thee back thy wing and flight so bold.

Long before Tennyson's song in the
Princess, it would seem that swallows
were favourite messengers of love. In
the next song which I translate, the repetition of one thought with delicate variation is full of character (p. 178) : —

O Swallow, flying over hill and plain,
If thou should'st find my love, O bid him
come !

And tell him, on these mountains I remain
Even as a lamb who cannot find her home :
And tell him, I am left all alone,
Even as a tree whose flowers are overblown :
And tell him, I am left without a mate,
Even as a tree whose boughs are desolate :
And tell him, I am left uncomfortable
Even as the grass upon the meadows dead.

The following is spoken by a girl who
has been watching the lads of the village
returning from their autumn service in
the plain, and whose damo comes the
last of all (p. 240) : —

O dear my love, you come too late !
What found you by the way to do ?
I saw your comrades pass the gate,
But yet not you, dear heart, not you !
If but a little more you'd stayed,
With sighs you would have found me dead ;
If but a while you'd kept me crying,
With sighs you would have found me dying.

The *amantium ira* find a place too in
these rustic ditties. A girl explains to
her sweetheart (p. 240) : —

'Twas told me and vouchsafed for true,
Your kin are wroth as wroth can be ;
For loving me they swear at you,
They swear at you because of me ;
Your father, mother, all your folk
Because you love me, chafe and choke :
Then set your kith and kin at ease ;
Set them at ease and let me die :
Set the whole clan of them at ease ;
Set them at ease and let me die !

Another suspects that her damo has
paid his suit to a rival (p. 200) : —

On Sunday morning well I knew
Where gaily dressed you turned your feet ;
And there were many saw it too,
And came to tell me through the street :
And when they spoke, I smiled, ah me !
But in my room wept privately ;
And when they spoke, I sang for pride,
But in my room alone I sighed.

Then come reconciliations (p. 223) : —

Let us make peace, my love, my bliss !
For cruel strife can last no more.
If you say nay, yet I say yes :
'Twixt me and you there is no war.
Princes and mighty lords make peace ;
And so may lovers twain, I wis :
Princes and soldiers sign a truce ;
And so may two sweethearts like us :
Princes and potentates agree ;
And so may friends like you and me.

There is much character about the following,
which is spoken by the damo (p. 223) : —

As yonder mountain height I trod,
I chanced to think of your dear name ;
I knelt with clasped hands on the sod,
And thought of my neglect with shame :
I knelt upon the stone, and swore
Our love should bloom as heretofore.

Sometimes the language of affection
takes a more imaginative tone, as in the
following (p. 232) : —

Dearest, what time you mount to heaven
above,
I'll meet you holding in my hand my heart :
You to your breast shall clasp me full of love,
And I will lead you to our Lord apart.
Our Lord, when he our love so true hath
known,
Shall make of our two hearts one heart alone ;
One heart shall make of our two hearts, to
rest
In heaven amid the splendours of the blest.

This was the woman's. Here is the
man's (p. 113) : —

If I were master of all loveliness,
I'd make thee still more lovely than thou art ;
If I were master of all wealthiness,
Much gold and silver should be thine, sweet-
heart !

If I were master of the house of hell,
I'd bar the brazen gates in thy sweet face ;
Or ruled the place where purging spirits dwell,
I'd free thee from that punishment apace.
Were I in Paradise, and thou shouldst come,
I'd stand aside, my love, to make thee room ;
Were I in Paradise, well seated there,
I'd quit my place to give it thee, my fair !

Sometimes, but very rarely, weird images
are sought to clothe passion, as in the
following (p. 136) : —

Down into hell I went and thence returned :
Ah me ! alas ! the people that were there !
I found a room where many candles burned,
And saw within my love that languished there.
Whenas she saw me, she was glad of cheer,
And at the last she said : Sweet soul of mine,
Dost thou recall the time long past, so dear,
When thou didst say to me, sweet soul of mine ?

Now kiss me on the mouth, my dearest here ;
Kiss me that I for once may cease to pine !
So sweet, ah me, is thy dear mouth, so dear,
That of thy mercy prithee sweeten mine !
Now love, that thou hast kissed me, now, I say,
Look not to leave this place again for aye.

Or again in this (p. 232) : —

Methinks I hear, I hear a voice that cries :
Beyond the hill it floats upon the air.
It is my lover come to bid me rise,
If I am fain forthwith toward heaven to fare.
But I have answered him, and said him No !
I've given my paradise, my heaven, for you :
Till we together go to Paradise,
I'll stay on earth and love your beauteous eyes.

But it is not with such remote and eery thoughts that the rustic muse of Italy can deal successfully. Far better is the following half-playful description of love-sadness (p. 71) : —

Ah me, alas ! who knew not how to sigh !
Of sighs I now full well have learned the art :
Sighing at table when to eat I try,
Sighing within my little room apart,
Sighing when jests and laughter round me fly,
Sighing with her and her who knows my heart :
I sigh at first, and then I go on sighing ;
'Tis for your eyes that I am ever sighing :
I sigh at first, and sigh the whole year through ;
And 'tis your eyes that keep me sighing so.

The next two *Rispetti*, delicious in their naiveté, might seem to have been extracted from the libretto of an opera, but that they lack the sympathizing chorus who should have stood at hand, ready to chime in with "he," "she," and "they," to the "I," "you," and "we," of the lovers (p. 123) : —

Ah, when will dawn that glorious day
When you will softly mount my stair ?
My kin shall bring you on the way :
I shall be first to greet you there.
Ah, when will dawn that day of bliss
When we before the priest say Yes ?

Ah, when will dawn that blissful day
When I shall softly mount your stair,
Your brothers meet me on the way,
And one by one I greet them there ?
When comes the day, my staff, my strength,
To call your mother mine at length ?
When will the day come, love of mine,
I shall be yours and you be mine ?

Hitherto the songs have told only of happy love, or of love returned. Some of the best, however, are unhappy. Here is one, for instance, steeped in gloom (p. 142) : —

They have this custom in fair Naples town ;
They never mourn a man when he is dead :
The mother weeps when she has reared a son
To be a serf and slave by love misled ;
The mother weeps when she a son hath born
To be the serf and slave of galley scorn ;
The mother weeps when she a son gives suck
To be the serf and slave of city luck.

The following contains a fine wild image wrought out with strange passion in detail (p. 300) : —

I'll spread a table brave for revelry,
And to the feast will bid sad lovers all.
For meat I'll give them my heart's misery ;
For drink I'll give these briny tears that fall.
Sorrows and sighs shall be the varletry,
To serve the lovers at this festival :
The tables shall be death, black death profound ;

Weep, stones, and utter sighs, ye walls around !
The table shall be death, yea, sacred death ;
Weep, stones, and sigh as one that sorroweth !

Nor is the next a whit less in the vein of mad Jeronimo (p. 304) : —

High up, high up, a house I'll rear,
High up, high up, on yonder height ;
At every window set a snare,
With treason, to betray the night ;
With treason to betray the stars,
Since I'm betrayed by my false feres ;
With treason, to betray the day,
Since Love betrayed me, well away !

The vengeance of an Italian reveals itself in the energetic song which I quote next (p. 303) : —

I have a sword ; 'twould cut a brazen bell,
Tough steel 'twould cut, if there were any need :

I've had it tempered in the streams of Hell
By masters mighty in the mystic rede ;
I've had it tempered by the light of stars ;
Then let him come whose skin is stout as Mars :

I've had it tempered to a trenchant blade ;
Then let him come who stole from me my maid.

More mild, but brimful of the bitterness of a soul to whom the whole world has become but ashes in the death of love, is the following lament (p. 143) : —

Call me the lovely Golden Locks no more,
But call me Sad Maid of the golden hair.
If there be wretched women, sure I think
I too may rank among the most forlorn.
I fling a palm into the sea ; 'twould sink :
Others throw lead, and it is lightly borne.

What have I done, dear Lord, the world to cross?

Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to dross.
How have I made, dear Lord, dame Fortune
wroth?

Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to froth.
What have I done, dear Lord, to fret the folk?
Gold in my hand forthwith is turned to smoke.

Here is pathos (p. 172) : —

The wood-dove who hath lost her mate,
She lives a dolorous life, I ween;
She seeks a stream and bathes in it,
And drinks that water foul and green :
With other birds she will not mate;
Nor haunt, I wis, the flowery green;
She bathes her wings and strikes her breast;
Her mate is lost : oh, sore unrest !

And here is fanciful despair (p. 168) : —

I'll build a house of sobs and sighs,
With tears the lime I'll slack;
And there I'll dwell with weeping eyes
Until my love come back :
And there I'll stay with eyes that burn
Until I see my love return.

The house of love has been deserted, and
the lover comes to moan beneath the si-
lent eaves (p. 171) : —

Dark house and window desolate !
Where is the sun which shone so fair ?
'Twas here we danced and laughed at fate :
Now the stones weep ; I see them there.
They weep, and feel a grievous chill :
Dark house and widowed window-sill !

And what can be more piteous than this
prayer (p. 309) ? —

Love, if you love me, delve a tomb,
And lay me there the earth beneath ;
After a year, come see my bones,
And make them dice to play therewith.
But when you're tired of that game,
Then throw those dice into the flame ;
But when you're tired of gaming free,
Then throw those dice into the sea.

The simpler expression of sorrow to the
death is, as usual, more impressive. A
girl speaks thus within sight of the
grave (p. 308) : —

Yes, I shall die : what wilt thou gain ?
The cross before my bier will go :
And thou wilt hear the bells complain,
The Misereres loud and low.
Midmost the church thou'lt see me lie
With folded hands and frozen eye ;
Then say at last, I do repent ! —
Nought else remains when fires are spent.

It would scarcely be well to pause upon
these very doleful ditties. Take, then,
the following little serenade, in which
the lover on his way to visit his mistress
has unconsciously fallen on the same
thought as Bion (p. 85) : —

Yestreen I went my love to greet,
By yonder village path below:
Night in a coppice found my feet;
I called the moon her light to show —
O moon, who needst no flame to fire thy face,
Look forth and lend me light a little space!

Enough has been quoted to illustrate
the character of the Tuscan popular po-
etry. These village Rispetti bear the
same relation to the Canzoniere of Pe-
trarch as the "savage drupe" to the
"suave plum." They are, as it were, the
wild stock of that highly artificial flower
of art. Herein lies, perhaps, their chief
importance : as in our ballad literature
we may discern the stuff of the Eliza-
bethan drama undeveloped, so in the
Tuscan people's songs, we can trace the
crude form of that poetic instinct which
produced the sonnets to Laura. It is
also very probable that some such rustic
minstrelsy preceded the Idylls of Theoc-
ritus and the Bucolics of Virgil ; for co-
incidences of thought and imagery which
can scarcely be referred to any conscious
study of the ancients are not few. Pop-
ular poetry has this great value for the
student of literature : it enables him to
trace those forms of fancy and of feeling
which are native to the people, and which
must ultimately determine the character
of national art, however much that may
be modified by culture.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF FARMER OAK : AN INCIDENT.

WHEN Farmer Oak smiled, the corners
of his mouth spread till they were within
an unimportant distance of his ears, his
eyes were reduced to mere chinks, and
diverging wrinkles appeared round them,
extending upon his countenance like the
rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising
sun.

His Christian name was Gabriel, and
on working days he was a young man of
sound judgment, easy motions, proper
dress, and general good character. On
Sundays he was a man of misty views,
rather given to a postponing treatment
of things, whose best clothes and sev-
en-and-six-penny umbrella were always
hampering him : upon the whole, one
who felt himself to occupy morally that

vast middle space of Laodicean neutrality which lay between the Sacrament people of the parish and the drunken division of its inhabitants—that is, he went to church, but yawned privately by the time the congregation reached the Nicene creed, and thought of what there would be for dinner when he meant to be listening to the sermon. Or, to state his character as it stood in the scale of public opinion, when his friends and critics were in tantrums, he was considered rather a bad man; when they were pleased, he was rather a good man; when they were neither, he was a man whose moral colour was a kind of pepper-and-salt mixture.

Since he lived six times as many working days as Sundays, Oak's appearance in his old clothes was most peculiarly his own—the mental picture formed by his neighbours always presenting him as dressed in that way when their imaginations answered to the thought "Gabriel Oak." He wore a low-crowned felt hat, spread out at the base by tight jamming upon the head for security in high winds, and a coat like Dr. Johnson's, his lower extremities being encased in ordinary leather leggings and boots emphatically large, affording to each foot a roomy apartment so constructed that any wearer might stand in a river all day long and know nothing about it—their maker being a conscientious man who always endeavoured to compensate for any weakness in his cut by unstinted dimension and solidity.

Mr. Oak carried about him, by way of watch, what may be called a small silver clock; in other words, it was a watch as to shape and intention, and a small clock as to size. The instrument being several years older than Oak's grandfather, had the peculiarity of going either too fast or not at all. The smaller of its hands, too, occasionally slipped round on the pivot, and thus, though the minutes were told with the greatest precision, nobody could be quite certain of the hour they belonged to. The stopping peculiarity of his watch Oak remedied by thumps and shakes, when it always went on again immediately, and he escaped any evil consequences from the other two defects by constant comparisons with and observations of the sun and stars, and by pressing his face close to the glass of his neighbours' windows when passing by their houses, till he could discern the hour marked by the green-faced time-keepers within. It may be mentioned

that Oak's fob being painfully difficult of access by reason of its somewhat high situation in the waist-band of his trousers (which also lay at a remote height under his waistcoat), the watch was as a necessity pulled out by throwing the body extremely to one side, compressing the mouth and face to a mere mass of wrinkles on account of the exertion required, and drawing up the watch by its chain, like a bucket from a well.

But some thoughtful persons, who had seen him walking across one of his fields on a certain December morning—sunny and exceedingly mild—might have regarded Gabriel Oak in other aspects than these. In his face one might notice that many of the hues and curves of youth had tarried on to manhood: there even remained in his remoter crannies some relics of the boy. His height and breadth would have been sufficient to make his presence imposing, had they been exhibited with due consideration. But there is a way some men have, rural and urban alike—for which the mind is more responsible than flesh and sinew—a way of curtailing their dimensions by their manner of showing them; and from a quiet modesty that would have become a vestal, which seemed continually to impress upon him that he had no great claim on the world's room, Oak walked unassumingly, and with a faintly perceptible bend, quite distinct from a bowing of the shoulders. This may be said to be a defect in an individual if he depends for his valuation as a total more upon his appearance than upon his capacity to wear well, which Oak did not. He had just reached the time of life at which "young" is ceasing to be the prefix of "man" in speaking of one. He was at the brightest period of masculine life, for his intellect and his emotions were clearly separated: he had passed the time during which the influence of youth indiscriminately mingles them in the character of impulse, and he had not yet arrived at the stage wherein they become united again, in the character of prejudice, by the influence of a wife and family. In short, he was twenty-eight, and a bachelor.

The field he was in sloped steeply to a ridge called Norcombe Hill. Through a spur of this hill ran the highway from Norcombe to Casterbridge, sunk in a deep cutting. Casually glancing over the hedge, Oak saw coming down the incline before him an ornamental spring wagon, painted yellow and gaily marked, drawn

by two horses, a waggoner walking alongside bearing a whip perpendicularly. The waggon was laden with household goods and window-plants, and on the apex of the whole sat a woman, young and attractive. Gabriel had not beheld the sight for more than half a minute, when the vehicle was brought to a standstill just beneath his eyes.

"The tailboard of the waggon is gone, Miss," said the waggoner.

"Then I heard it fall," said the girl, in a soft, though not particularly low voice. "I heard a noise I could not account for when we were coming up the hill."

"I'll run back."

"Do," she answered.

The sensible horses stood perfectly still, and the waggoner's steps sunk fainter and fainter in the distance.

The girl on the summit of the load sat motionless, surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an old settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary — all probably from the windows of the house just vacated. There was also a cat in the willow basket, from the partly-opened lid of which she gazed with half-closed eyes, and affectionately surveyed the small birds around.

The handsome girl waited for some time idly in her place, and the only sound heard in the stillness was the hopping of the canary up and down the perches of its prison. Then she looked attentively downwards. It was not at the bird, nor at the cat; it was at an oblong package tied in paper, and lying between them. She turned her head to learn if the waggoner were coming. He was not yet in sight; and then her eyes crept back to the package, her thoughts seeming to run upon what was inside it. At length she drew the article into her lap, and untied the paper covering; a small swing looking-glass was disclosed, in which she proceeded to survey herself attentively. Then she parted her lips and smiled.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and black hair. The myrtles, geraniums, and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture, and girl with a peculiar charm of rarity. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the

sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer, who were alone its spectators — whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art, nobody knows; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act — from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors — lent to the idle deed a novelty it certainly did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had invested it with the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been. There was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in a feminine direction, her expressions seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part — vistas of probable triumphs — the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions were so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that intention had any part in them at all.

The waggoner's steps were heard returning. She put the glass in the paper, and the whole again into its place.

When the waggon had passed on, Gabriel withdrew from his point of espial, and descending into the road, followed the vehicle to the turnpike-gate at the bottom of the hill, where the object of his contemplation now halted for the payment of toll. About twenty steps still remained between him and the gate, when he heard a dispute. It was a difference concerning twopence between the persons with the waggon and the man at the toll-bar.

"Mis'ess's niece is upon the top of the things, and she says that's enough that I've offered ye, you grate miser, and she won't pay any more." These were the waggoner's words.

"Very well; then mis'ess's niece can't pass," said the turnpike-keeper, closing the gate.

Oak looked from one to the other of

the disputants, and fell into a reverie. There was something in the tone of twopence remarkably insignificant. Threepence had a definite value as money—it was an appreciable infringement on a day's wages and, as such, a higgling matter; but twopence—"Here," he said, stepping forward and handing twopence to the gate-keeper; "let the young woman pass." He looked up at her then; she heard his words, and looked down.

Gabriel's features adhered throughout their form so exactly to the middle line between the beauty of St. John and the ugliness of Judas Iscariot, as represented in a window of the church he attended, that not a single lineament could be selected and called worthy either of distinction or notoriety. The red-jacketed and dark-haired maiden seemed to think so too, for she carelessly glanced over him, and told her man to drive on. She might have looked her thanks to Gabriel on a minute scale, but she did not speak them; more probably she felt none, for in gaining her a passage he had lost her her point, and we know how women take a favour of that kind.

The gatekeeper surveyed the retreating vehicle. "That's a handsome maid," he said to Oak.

"But she has her faults," said Gabriel.

"True, farmer."

"And the greatest of them is—well, what it is always."

"Beating people down; ay, 'tis so."

"Oh no."

"What, then?"

Gabriel, perhaps a little piqued by the comely traveller's indifference, glanced back to where he had witnessed her performance over the hedge, and said "Vanity."

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT: THE FLOCK: AN INTERIOR: ANOTHER INTERIOR.

It was nearly midnight on the eve of St. Thomas's, the shortest day in the year. A desolating wind wandered from the north over the hill whereon Oak had watched the yellow waggon and its occupant in the sunshine of a few days earlier.

Norcombe Hill—forming part of Norcombe Evelease—was one of the spots which suggest to a passer-by that he is in the presence of a shape approaching the indestructible as nearly as any to be found on earth. It was a featureless convexity of chalk and soil—an ordinary specimen of those smoothly outlined pro-

tuberances of the globe which may remain undisturbed on some great day of confusion, when far grander heights and dizzy granite precipices topple down.

The hill was covered on its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slopes from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few, and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst this dead multitude had remained on the twigs which bore them till this very mid-winter time, and in falling rattled against the trunks with smart taps.

Between this half-wooded, half-naked hill, and the vague still horizon its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds only from which suggested that what it concealed bore some humble resemblance to features here. The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by the wind in breezes of differing powers and almost differing natures—one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of human-kind here was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chaunted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.

The sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse. The North star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till it was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of colour in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by a fancy that the better outlook upon space afforded by a hill emphasizes terrestrial revolution, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, first enlarging the consciousness with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are horizontal and disregarding of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once.

Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in this place up against the sky. They had a clearness which was to be found nowhere in the wind, and a sequence which was to be found nowhere in nature. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.

The tune was not floating unhindered into the open air, but it seemed muffled in some way, and was altogether too curtailed in power to spread high or wide. It came from the direction of a small dark object under the plantation hedge—a shepherd's hut now presenting an outline to which an uninitiated person might have been puzzled to attach either meaning or use.

The image as a whole was that of a small Noah's Ark on a small Ararat, allowing the traditional outlines and general form of the Ark which are followed by toymakers, and by these means are established in men's imaginations among their firmest, because earliest impressions, to pass as an approximate pattern. The hut stood on small wheels, which raised its floor about a foot from the ground. Such shepherds' huts are dragged into the fields when the lambing season comes on, to shelter the shepherd in his enforced nightly attendance.

It was only latterly that people had begun to call Gabriel "Farmer" Oak. During the twelvemonth preceding this time he had been enabled by sustained

efforts of industry and chronic good spirits to lease the small sheep-farm of which Norcombe Hill was a portion, and stock it with two hundred sheep. Previously he had been a bailiff for a short time, and earlier still a shepherd only, having from his childhood assisted his father in tending the flocks of large proprietors, till old Gabriel sank to rest.

This venture, unaided and alone, into the paths of farming as master and not as man, with an advance of sheep not yet paid for, was a critical juncture with Gabriel Oak, and he recognized his position clearly. The first movement in his new progress was the lambing of his ewes, and sheep having been his speciality from his youth, he wisely refrained from deputing the task of tending them at this season to a hireling or a novice.

The wind continued to beat about the corners of the hut, but the flute-playing ceased. A rectangular space of light appeared in the side of the hut, and in the opening the outline of Farmer Oak's figure. He carried a lantern in his hand, and closing the door behind him, came forward and busied himself about this nook of the field for nearly twenty minutes, the lantern light appearing and disappearing here and there, and brightening him or darkening him as he stood before or behind it.

Oak's motions, though they had a quiet energy, were slow, and their deliberateness accorded well with his occupation. Fitness being the basis of all beauty, nobody could have denied that his steady swings and turns in and about the flock had elements of grace. Yet, although if occasion demanded he could do or think a thing with as mercurial a dash as can the men of towns who are more to the manner born, his special power, morally, physically, and mentally, was static, owing little or nothing to momentum, as a rule.

A close examination of the ground hereabout, even by the wan starlight only, revealed how a portion of what would have been casually called a wild slope had been appropriated by Farmer Oak for his great purpose this winter. Detached hurdles thatched with straw were stuck into the ground at various scattered points, amid and under which the whitish forms of his meek ewes moved and rustled. The ring of the sheep-bell, which had been silent during his absence, recommenced, in tones which had more mellowness than clearness owing to an increasing growth of surround-

ing wool, and continued till Oak withdrew again from the flock. He returned to the hut, bringing in his arms a new-born lamb, consisting of four legs large enough for a full-grown sheep, united by an unimportant membrane about half the substance of the legs collectively, which constituted the animal's entire body just at present.

The little speck of life he placed on a wisp of hay before the small stove, where a can of milk was simmering. Oak extinguished the lantern by blowing into it with pouted lips, and then pinching out the snuff, the cot being lighted by a candle suspended by a twisted wire. A rather hard couch, formed of a few corn sacks thrown carelessly down, covered half the floor of this little habitation, and here the young man stretched himself along, loosened his woollen cravat, and closed his eyes. In about the time a person unaccustomed to bodily labour would have decided upon which side to lie, Farmer Oak was asleep.

The inside of this hut, as it now presented itself, was cosy and alluring, and the scarlet handful of fire in addition to the candle, reflecting its own genial colour upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over utensils and tools. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to ovine surgery and physic; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger, and castor-oil being the chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider, which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour. The house was ventilated by two round holes, like the lights of a cabin, with wood slides.

The lamb, revived by the warmth, began to bleat, and the sound entered Gabriel's ears and brain with an instant meaning, as expected sounds will. Passing from the profoundest sleep to the most alert wakefulness with the same ease that had accompanied the reverse operation, he looked at his watch, found that the hour-hand had shifted again, put on his hat, took the lamb in his arms, and carried it into the darkness. After placing the little creature with its mother, he stood and carefully examined the sky, to ascertain the time of night from the altitudes of the stars.

The Dog-star and Aldebaran pointing to the restless Pleiades were half way up the Southern sky, and beneath them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine almost rested on the ground: the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

Being a man not without a frequent consciousness that there was some beauty in this life he led, he stood still after looking at the sky as a useful instrument, and regarded it in an appreciative spirit, as a work of art superlatively beautiful. For a moment he seemed impressed with the speaking loneliness of the scene, or rather with the complete abstraction from all its compass of the sights and sounds of man. Human shapes, interferences, troubles, and joys were all as if they were not, and there seemed to be on the shaded hemisphere of the globe no sentient being save himself; he could fancy them all gone round to the sunny side.

Occupied thus, with eyes stretched afar, Oak gradually perceived that what he had previously taken to be a star low down behind the outskirts of the plantation, was in reality no such thing. It was an artificial light, almost close at hand.

To find themselves utterly alone at night where company is desirable and expected makes some people fearful; but a case more trying by far to the nerves is to discover some mysterious companionship, when intuition, sensation, memory, analogy, testimony, probability, induction — every kind of evidence in the logician's list — have united to persuade consciousness that it is quite alone.

Farmer Oak went towards the plantation and pushed through its lower boughs to the windy side. A dim mass under the slope reminded him that a shed occupied a place here, the site being a cutting into the slope of the hill, so that at its back part the roof was almost level with the ground. In front it was formed of boards nailed to posts and covered with tar as a preservative. Through crevices in the roof and side spread streaks and dots of light, a combination of which made up the radiance that had attracted him. Oak stepped up behind, where, leaning down upon the roof and putting his eye close

to a hole, he could see into the interior clearly.

The place contained two women and two cows. By the side of the latter a steaming bran-mash stood in a bucket. One of the women was past middle age. Her companion was apparently young and graceful; he could form no decided opinion upon her looks, her position being almost beneath his eye, so that he saw her in a bird's-eye aerial view, as Satan first saw Paradise. She wore no bonnet or hat, but had enveloped herself into a large cloak, which was carelessly flung over her head as a covering.

"There, now we'll go home," said the elder of the two, resting her knuckles upon her hips, and looking at their goings-on as a whole. "I do hope Daisy will fetch round again now. I have never been more frightened in my life, but I don't mind breaking my rest if she recovers."

The young woman, whose eyelids were apparently inclined to fall together on the smallest provocation of silence, yawned without parting her lips to any inconvenient extent, whereupon Gabriel caught the infection and slightly yawned in sympathy. "I do wish we were rich enough to pay a man to do these things," she said.

"As we are not, we must do them ourselves," said the other; "for you must help me if you stay."

"Well, my hat is gone, however," continued the younger. "It went over the hedge, I think. The idea of such a slight wind catching it."

The cow standing erect was of the Devon breed, and was encased in a tight warm hide of rich Indian red, as absolutely uniform from eyes to tail as if the animal had been dipped in a dye of that colour, her long back being mathematically level. The other was spotted, grey and white. Beside her, Oak now noticed a little calf about a day old, looking idiotically at the two women which showed that it had not long been accustomed to the phenomenon of eyesight, and often turning to the lantern, which it apparently mistook for the moon, inherited instinct having as yet had little time for correction by experience. Between the sheep and the cows, Lucina had been busy on Norcombe Hill lately.

"I think we had better send for some oatmeal," said the elder woman; "there's no more bran."

"Yes, aunt; and I'll ride over for it as soon as it is light."

"But there's no side-saddle."

"I can ride on the other: trust me."

Oak, upon hearing these remarks, became more curious to observe her features, but this prospect being denied him by the hooding effect of the cloak, and by her forehead coming in the way of what the cloak did not cover, he felt himself drawing upon his fancy for their details. In making even horizontal and clear inspections, we colour and mould according to the wants within us whatever our eyes bring in. Had Gabriel been able from the first to get a distinct view of her countenance, his estimate of it as very handsome or slightly so would have been as his soul required a divinity at the moment or was ready supplied with one. Having for some time known the want of a satisfactory form to fill an increasing void within him, his position moreover affording the widest scope for his fancy, he painted her a beauty.

By one of those whimsical coincidences in which Nature, like a busy mother, seems to spare a moment from her unremitting labours to turn and make her children smile, the girl now dropped the cloak, and forth tumbled ropes of black hair over a red jacket. Oak knew her instantly as the heroine of the yellow wagon, myrtles, and looking-glass: prosily, as the woman who owed him twopence.

They placed the calf beside its mother again, took up the lantern and went out, the light sinking down the hill till it was no more than a nebula. Gabriel Oak returned to his flock.

CHAPTER III.

A GIRL ON HORSEBACK: CONVERSATION.

THE sluggish day began to break. Even its position terrestrially is one of the elements of a new interest, and for no particular reason save that the incident of the night had occurred there, Oak went again into the plantation. Lingerer and musing here, he heard the steps of a horse at the foot of the hill, and soon there appeared in view an auburn pony with a girl on its back, ascending by the path leading past the cattle-shed. She was the young woman of the night before. Gabriel instantly thought of the hat she had mentioned as having lost in the wind; possibly she had come to look for it. He hastily scanned the ditch, and after walking about ten yards along it, found the hat among the leaves. Gabriel took it in his hand and returned to his hut. Here he ensconced himself, and looked through

the loophole in the direction of the rider's approach.

She came up and looked around — then on the other side of the hedge. Gabriel was about to advance and restore the missing article, when an unexpected performance induced him to suspend the action for the present. The path after passing the cowshed bisected the plantation. It was not a bridle-path — merely a pedestrian's track, and the boughs spread horizontally at a height not greater than seven feet above the ground, which made it impossible to ride erect beneath them. The girl, who wore no riding-habit, looked around for a moment as if to assure herself that all humanity was out of view, then dexterously dropped backwards flat upon the pony's back, her head over its tail, her feet against its shoulder, and her eyes to the sky. The rapidity of her glide into this position was that of a kingfisher — its noiselessness that of a hawk. Gabriel's eyes had scarcely been able to follow her. The tall lank pony seemed used to such phenomena, and ambled along unconcerned. Thus she passed under the level boughs.

The performer seemed quite at home anywhere between a horse's head and its tail, and the necessity for this abnormal attitude having ceased with the passage of the plantation, she began to adopt another, even more obviously convenient than the first. She had no side-saddle, and it was very apparent that a firm seat upon the smooth leather beneath her was unattainable sideways. Springing to her accustomed perpendicular like a bowed sapling, and satisfying herself that nobody was in sight, she seated herself in the manner demanded by the saddle, though hardly expected of the woman, and trotted off in the direction of Tewnell Mill.

Oak was amused, perhaps a little astonished, and hanging up the hat in his hut, went again among his ewes. An hour passed, the girl returned, properly seated now, with a bag of bran in front of her. On nearing the cattle-shed she was met by a boy bringing a milking-pail, who held the reins of the pony whilst she slid off. The boy led away the horse, leaving the pail with the young woman.

Soon a soft spirt, alternating with a loud spirt, came in regular succession from within the shed. They were the sounds of a person milking a cow. Gabriel took the lost hat in his hand, and waited beside the path she would follow in leaving the hill.

She came, the pail in one hand, hanging against her knee. The left arm was extended as a balance, enough of it being shown bare to make Oak wish that the event had happened in summer, when the whole would have been revealed. There was a bright air and manner about her now, by which she seemed to imply that the desirability of her existence could not be questioned; and this rather saucy assumption failed in being offensive, because a beholder felt it to be, upon the whole, true. Like exceptional emphasis in the tone of genius, that which would have made mediocrity ridiculous was an addition to recognized power. It was with some surprise that she saw Gabriel's face rising like the moon, behind the hedge.

The adjustment of the farmer's hazy conceptions of her charms to the portrait of herself she now presented him with, was less a diminution than a difference. The starting-point selected by the judgment was her height. She seemed tall, but the pail was a small one, and the hedge diminutive; hence, making allowance for error by comparison with these, she could have been not above the height to be chosen by women as best. All features of consequence were severe and regular. It may have been observed by persons who go about the shires with eyes for beauty, that in Englishwomen a classically formed face is seldom found to be united with a figure of the same pattern, the highly-finished features being generally too large for the remainder of the frame; that a graceful and proportionate figure of eight heads usually goes off into random facial curves. Without throwing a Nymphaean tissue over a milkmaid, it must be said that here criticism checked itself in examining details to return to where it began, and looked at her proportions with a long consciousness of pleasure. From the contours of her figure in its upper part, she must have had a beautiful neck and shoulders; but it may be stated that since her infancy nobody had ever seen them. Had she been put into a low dress she would have run and thrust her head into a bush. Yet she was not a shy girl by any means; it was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen higher than they do it in towns.

That the girl's thoughts hovered about her face and form as soon as she caught Oak's eyes conning the same page was natural, and almost certain. The self-consciousness shown would have been

vanity if a little more pronounced, dignity if a little less. Rays of male vision seem to have a tickling effect upon virgin faces in rural districts; she hastily brushed hers with her hand, as if Gabriel had been irritating its pink surface with a long straw, and the free air of her previous movements was reduced at the same time to a chastened phase of itself. Yet it was the man who blushed, the maid not at all.

"I found a hat," said Oak.

"It is mine," said she, and, from a sense of proportion, kept down to a small smile an inclination to laugh distinctly; "it flew away last night."

"One o'clock this morning?"

"Well—it was." She was surprised. "How did you know?" she said.

"I was here."

"You are Farmer Oak, are you not?"

"That or thereabouts. I'm lately come to this place."

"A large farm?" she inquired, casting her eyes around, and swinging back her hair, which was black in the shaded hollows of its mass; but it being now an hour past sunrise, the rays touched its prominent curves with a color of their own.

"No; not large. About a hundred." (In speaking of farms the word "acres" is omitted by the natives, by analogy with such old expressions as "a stag of ten.")

"I wanted my hat this morning," she went on. "I had to ride to Tewnell Mill."

"Yes, you had."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you."

"Where?" she inquired, a misgiving bringing every muscle of her lineaments and frame to a standstill.

"Here—going through the plantation, and all down the hill," said Farmer Oak, with an aspect excessively knowing with regard to some matter in his mind, as he gazed at a remote point in the direction named, and then turned back to meet his colloquist's eyes.

A perception caused him to withdraw his own from hers as suddenly as if he had been caught in a theft. Recollection of the strange antics she had indulged in when passing through the trees, was succeeded in the girl by a nettled palpitation, and that by a hot face. It was a time to see a woman redden who was not given to reddening as a rule; not a point in the milkmaid but was of the deepest rose-colour. From the Maiden's Blush,

through all varieties of the Provence down to the Crimson Tuscany, the countenance of Oak's acquaintance quickly graduated; whereupon he, in consideration, had turned away his head.

The sympathetic man still looked the other way, and wondered when she would recover whiteness sufficient to justify him in facing her again. He heard what seemed to be the fitting of a dead leaf upon the breeze, and looked. She had gone away.

With an air between that of Tragedy and Comedy, Gabriel returned to his work.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER VII.

THE lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction I believe has lately been deemed advisable; here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?" "So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in the Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism*. There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust, and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so-called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its

country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men, out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of desolation and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer the final call. Some escaped to the Sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts: First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow—so rapid are the "crises" here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and lastly, the Spanish soldier has "a hard time of it." Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valour, or his endurance? If the sun of to-morrow should bring defeat, or change of Government, all his chance of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for, in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the Sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish employes of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the offices of the company. In this case, they had

high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior: and one naturally asks the question—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) "all their own way." They were protected during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella more strictly than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the "host" passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined, or imprisoned, for the offence. And what work have the clergy done; what revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that "to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant." The Clergy of the State Church in England certainly in their zeal for education present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work, and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavouring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the inquiring spirit of the age in which their lot is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have

been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The "civil funeral," and the "civil christening," the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, "I am a Protestant," which means: "*I belong to no Church at all*; I am a Doubter, or a Materialista;"—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor—whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the "host" passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some dying Christian. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But, with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—"I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human invention in religion, to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example."

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice* let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in their present state than the laws of Spain, were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek

redress?" "Because I have not got 40*l.* to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz.: that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions, a doctrine so needful to ensure a right line of conduct, has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes, respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, (and society does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards, license of conversation and deed reign and prevail

very widely. Domestic life, as in England, is unknown: the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture, a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the courtesy of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their dependants: of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity, devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure—whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries—whose mineral wealth is undreamed of—whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But “Resurgam” is the motto hidden in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God’s blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

LETTER VIII.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness. I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o’clock at night the youngest of his two companions, a lad of

three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, “I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run here for fright. I don’t know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off.” The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his *faja*, he said, “You were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, *I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*” Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 A.M. next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior

respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles, or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be “pressed” to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the municipal guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why they did not stay by the dying man? “Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer,” was the prompt reply.

In the interior too, where some of the over-crowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men’s bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer’s to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. “What business had he to die? he’s fat enough!” was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S. P. C. A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince them that this is not the case. Accordingly dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (*criadas*) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting, “Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!”

I told them that poor pussy’s life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sunk the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of “Malo gato! malo gato!” (“good-for-nothing puss!”) they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter!

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, beat them cruelly if they are stupid, and even bite their ear until the blood comes.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglicé*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps the *criada* takes hold of it by the tail and belabours it soundly, calling out “Malo pecho! malo pecho!” this is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavored to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the *criada*’s head. “No,” she said, “I beat him for his wickedness: when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat.” There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a *criada* into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant; and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours’ time, bringing her child, or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (1*7*. 4*5*.) per month, finding her own food. Well for their master and mistress if their *criada* has no “followers,” for, if so, she has perfect liberty to have one or more in the kitchen, smoking their *cigarillos*, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night,

and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants; and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad*. The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version.

"EL CHALAN."

(The fish-hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet:
But I'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street!
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(From the "Ecos Nacionales" of V. R. Aguilera.)

I.

Hark, from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep:

Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee;
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.
Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
Mid the stalwart and the brave,
Stood my boy where colours wave!—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told:
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

V.

Never will he come: I know it.
Motherlike, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursed bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For his soul? son, can it be
Among the dead I pray for thee?
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

LETTER IX.

A SPANISH CASA DE MISERICORDIA.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open sandy plains, are forced to stop, and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as, suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food; — all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling in a few days or hours the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no Punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain, a bitter east wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength, and funds, were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England, all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz, rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville — unknown in the treeless wastes of the in-

terior — and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trowsers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep blue sea, studded with shipping; the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas, and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described; it is like coming from darkness into light — from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although perhaps a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia*; or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz*. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon) fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye —

This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell;
I will satisfy her poor with bread. — Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "forever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "is the home of the poor — but not forever."

The Hospicio perhaps may be best described as an English Workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "*decentes*" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for

children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place, at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriated name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being 5,000*l.* per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys and 136 girls from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the Feast-days (and their name in Spain is *legion*) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury

denied, and how needlessly! in some English Workhouses. So much for the *Departamento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the band-master of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own—for all here are *decentes*—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all Feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word may be said as to out-door relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are many of them paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

From Nature.

ELLIS'S LIFE OF COUNT RUMFORD.*

THIS biography supplies a want that has been sorely felt by all who have desired to obtain a reliable account of Count Rumford's eventful life. It is, I think, impossible to name any equally eminent man of modern times concerning whom so little was known before the publication of this work. The only preceding sources of information, Prof. Pictet's letters, Prof. Renwick's sketch in "Sparks's Library of American Biography," Cuvier's *Eloge* and the Cyclopædia biographies made up from these and each other, are most vexatiously contradictory on points of primary interest. Aided by Rumford's own correspondence, and other original and direct sources of information, Mr. Ellis's industry has at last rescued us from these perplexities.

The career of scientific notables is usually of a simple and uneventful character, but that of the poor schoolmaster of New Hampshire is sufficiently adventurous and romantic to supply materials for a sensation-novel writer.

He married early; to quote his own words—"I took a wife, or rather she took me, at 19 years of age." He describes his married life as both happy and profitable, but it lasted scarcely three years, during which he became a prominent public man and a full-blown soldier, with the rank of major at 20 years of age. The part he took in connection with the American rebellion excited popular indignation against him, led to his imprisonment, the confiscation of his property, and his subsequent flight from home shortly after the birth of his daughter. He never saw his wife again, nor did he see his daughter until 20 years afterwards, when she rejoined him in Europe.

At the age of 23, he appears in a new character upon another scene. He is now a diplomatist, presenting his first state paper to Lord George Germaine in London. He steps at once into a responsible position in the Colonial Office, and presently becomes the "Secretary of Georgia." In the meantime he is doing important scientific work, is elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1779, when 26 years of age, and suddenly appears on board the *Victory* as a volunteer sailor under Sir Charles Hardy, experimenting with ship's guns, and writing treatises on naval signals and naval architecture. In the following year he is promoted to the office of "Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department" (Colonial).

Thirteen months after this he reappears in military uniform as Lieut.-Colonel Thompson commanding "The King's American Dragoons," and profoundly occupied with experiments upon light artillery, &c. Before 1781 is ended, we find him on the other side of the Atlantic with his dragoons on Long Island, and fighting in the neighbourhood of Charleston at the beginning of 1782. In April we hear of him in New York, and presently find that he has returned to England promoted to the rank of full colonel, and otherwise honoured for his American services.

In the midst of all this activity and excitement he is busily engaged in scientific research chiefly upon subjects connected with gunpowder, bullets, and artillery. With his characteristic exaltation of present pursuits he is now consumed by military ardour, and, dissatisfied with his late inglorious outpost skirmishing in America, obtains appointment for active service in the defence of Jamaica against the French, but is frustrated by the temporary pacific reaction that suddenly prevails. He offers to serve in India, but the Government has become economical. Determined to fight somebody, he selects the Turks, with whom Austria is temptingly disposed to quarrel, and, having obtained the King's permission, proceeds to Vienna, with war-horse, arms, and uniform. Halting on his way he creates considerable sensation by appearing as a visitor on the garrison parade at Strasburg, displaying his handsome figure, brilliant English uniform, and his skilful management of an English blood-horse. Field-Marshal Prince Maximilian de Deux Ponts rides up to the stranger, salutes, and asks a few questions. Thompson,

* *Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, with Notices of his Daughter.* By George E. Ellis. (Published in connection with an edition of Rumford's Complete Works by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Boston.)

with the polished courtesy and tact of which he is so accomplished a master, turns this introduction to good account, secures the friendship of the Prince, who is so strongly impressed with the varied attainments of the brilliant soldier, that he presses him to pass through Munich on his way to Vienna and visit the reigning Elector of Bavaria, an uncle of the Prince.

The visit is made most successfully, and, with additional introductions, Thompson proceeds to Vienna with a ready-made continental reputation, though only a few weeks old. Here, as he says, "I owe to a beneficent Divinity that I was cured in time of that martial folly." The agent or Divinity of this reformation, was a lady, who, as he says, "formed an attachment to me, gave me wise advices, and imparted a new turn to my ideas, by presenting me in perspective other species of glory than that of conquering battles." It is proper to add, in explanation, that the lady was seventy years of age.

In the meantime the Elector of Bavaria invites Thompson to enter his service. For an English officer to do this, permission from the king was necessary. This was obtained in London, and with it the honour of knighthood, which was conferred in February 1784, with a continuance of half-pay as colonel.

Sir Benjamin Thompson proceeds immediately to Munich, and there enters upon the most remarkable part of his extraordinary career. The task which he set before himself in Bavaria was nothing less than a complete reformation and reorganization of the army, and a general improvement of the physical and social condition of the whole nation. Invested with full powers by the Elector he sets about his work in a strictly philosophical manner. The first four years—1784 to 1788—are devoted to a cool, impartial, and systematic investigation of the social statistics and general condition of all classes, civil and military, in Bavaria. Having thus inductively collected and generalized his data, he now proceeds deductively to devise his remedies for the evils thus demonstrated. In all his efforts, from the improvement of saucepan-lids and gridirons to the moral reformation of a whole nation of human beings, he is rigidly methodical and strictly scientific, and his success follows as a direct and visible consequence of this scientific mode of proceeding.

His well-known and important researches on the Convection and general Transmission of Heat were undertaken and carried out mainly for the purpose of determining the best and most economical means of clothing the Bavarian soldiers, and the construction, warming and ventilation of their barracks. Another equally important though less known series of researches were instituted for the purpose of learning how to feed in the most economical manner the beggars, rogues, and vagabonds, whose sustenance and reformation he had projected.

His success in reorganizing both the men and materials of the army was marvellous. It was in the course of his work in erecting cannon foundries and remodelling the Bavarian artillery that his celebrated demonstration of the immateriality of Heat was suggested.

It may safely be affirmed that the foundation of the present military system and of the recent military successes of Germany was laid by Benjamin Thompson in Bavaria. He tells us that the fundamental principles upon which he proceeded were "to unite the interest of the soldier with the interests of civil society, and to render the military force, even in times of peace, subservient to the public good;" and further, "that to establish a respectable standing military force which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to *make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.*"

Besides the important technical reforms of discipline, arms, barracks, quarters, military instruction, &c., which he carried out, "schools were established in all the regiments, for the instruction of the soldiers in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and into these schools not only the soldiers and their children, but also the children of the neighbouring citizens and peasants were admitted gratis." Military schools of industry were also established where the soldiers learned useful trades; thus the military clothing was spun, woven, and made up by the soldiers themselves; roads and other public works were made and erected, and the men were permitted to hire themselves out in garrison towns. Besides this the soldiers were used as industrial missionaries for the introduction of improvements in agriculture, manufactures, &c. The potato, until then almost unknown in Bavaria, was thus

introduced by the aid of Thompson's military gardens or model farms. One of these gardens still remains, viz., the well-known "English Garden" at Munich.

Still more remarkable was his success in radically curing the overwhelming curse of Bavaria, which was infested with hordes of beggars and vagabonds that had defied every previous effort of suppression or diminution. Here again the same strictly philosophical method of proceeding was adopted. Human materials and motives were handled precisely as we manipulate the physical materials and forces of the laboratory, and the results were similarly definite, reliable, and successful. The scientific social reformer not only cleared the country of its rogues, vagabonds, and beggars, but made their industry pay all the expenses of their own feeding, housing, and clothing, besides those of the industrial and general education of themselves and their children. In addition to all this they made clothing for the military police who took them into custody, and earned a handsome net profit in hard cash.

It is not surprising that such success should have earned for him a long list of Bavarian honours and titles which need not be here recounted, and that he should now appear as "Count of the Holy Roman Empire and Order of the White Eagle," or, as better known to us, in the title of his own choice, "The Count of Rumford." Neither need we be surprised that his health should fail, and that in spite of repose and change of scene we next find him lying dangerously ill at Naples.

On his recovery he returns to England, and while busily engaged there in literary and scientific work, is suddenly recalled to Munich, which now has the Austrians at its gates, and is simultaneously threatened by the French. Matters become so serious that the Elector saves himself by flight, only eight days after Rumford's arrival; but before leaving the monarch hands over to the philosopher the command-in-chief of the army, and the practical dictatorship of the capital. During the three months of this supreme command Rumford succeeds in overawing and checkmating both French and Austrians, and saving the city, after which the Elector returns.

This is the climax of the great philosopher's career, and now we find him a second time stricken by dangerous illness. On recovering he returns to London,

founds the Royal Institution, publishes his essays, and then leaves England for the last time to reside in Paris, where he marries the "Goddess of Reason," Madame Lavoisier.

Here the curtain falls upon all his greatness, for though but fifty-two years of age, the brilliant career of the Count of Rumford is ended, and the subsequent scenes of his life display a miserable contrast with all that preceded them.

His biographers are evidently puzzled by what follows, and painfully seek apologies for his matrimonial squabbles, his general irritability, his morose seclusion, and the small results of the fussy labours of the last ten years of his life. My own theory is that the illness at Munich — where he describes himself as being "sick in bed, worn out by intense application, and dying, as everybody thought, a martyr to the cause to which I had devoted myself" — was followed by chronic and permanent cerebral disease, and that the gradually developing change of character which he displayed from the date of his return to England in 1798, until his death in 1814, was but a natural symptom of this growing malady.

Present space does not permit me to state in detail the evidence upon which I base this conclusion, but I cannot conclude without protesting against the explanation of Cuvier, who in his *Eloge* states that "it would appear as if, while he had been rendering all these services to his fellow-men, he had no real love or regard for them. It would appear as if the vile passions which he had observed in the miserable objects which he had committed to his care, or those other passions, not less vile, which his success and fame had excited among his rivals, had embittered him towards human nature." Cuvier, if I am right, only knew the diseased wreck of the brilliant, courteous, and even fascinating "soldier, philosopher, and statesman," and I suspect that the unjust oblivion of his merits which so speedily followed his death, was largely due to the bad impression made, not only upon the French Academicians, but also upon his Royal Institution associates, by the moral obliquities and eccentricities due to a diseased brain.

The main interest of the career of this wonderful man appears to me to lie in this, that it affords a magnificent demonstration of the practical value of scientific training, and the methodical application of scientific processes to the business of life. I have long maintained that every

father who is able and willing to qualify his son to attain a high degree of success either as a man of business, a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, a statesman, or in any other responsible department of life, should primarily place him in a laboratory where he will not merely learn the elements of science, but be well trained in carrying out original physical research, such training being the best of all known means of affording that systematic discipline of the intellectual and moral powers upon which all practical success in life depends. The story of Count Rumford's life, and the lesson it teaches, afford most valuable evidence in support of this conclusion, and cannot fail powerfully to enforce it.

This subject is specially important at the present moment, particularly to those Englishmen whose minds are still infested with the shallow foolishness that leads them to believe that scientific men are dreamy theorists, and disqualified for practical business. Let them follow in detail the practical triumphs of this experimental philosopher, and ask themselves candidly whether such success could have been possible had he been trained in the mere word-exalting study of the Greek and Latin classics, instead of the practical school of experimental research. W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

From All The Year Round.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE TYROL.

THEOPHILUS LANE and Francis Abbot were old college companions and fast friends; but though still young, their paths in life had diverged. Lane had become an ecclesiastic. He was not so broad perhaps in his religious views as his enunciation of them from the pulpit was long, but nevertheless he was an excellent fellow. Abbot was a barrister, eminently respectable in his conduct and behaviour, and a regular attendant at his parish church, but not a glutton for sermons. He had a logical mind. But the two men had still one taste left in common—that of mountaineering. They both delighted in the strength of their legs. They did not talk much together—not great pedestrians talk. A few words may be interchanged during the first six miles, but a solemn silence soon intervenes; the distance between them, as they plod on side by side, imperceptibly widens; they are hot, they are thirsty,

they are each a little bit cross because the other shows no external symptoms of weariness; not until kindly nature drops the veil of evening on the scene does either propose to halt. Then they eat enormously, and fall asleep immediately afterwards like anacondas.

In that part of the Tyrol into which the unreflecting legs of these two men had carried them in August last, there happened to be nothing to eat; there was no meat, no wine, no beer, nothing but a sort of thin meal made of the same bran with which pincushions are stuffed at home, stirred up in milk, and which they described eulogistically as "very filling;" the effect, indeed, was to give them both the appearance of pincushions. The Divine, being used to fasting, suffered no particular inconvenience from this scanty fare, but the Lawyer did: his spirits were greatly subdued—a circumstance which must be the apology for his apparent pusillanimity in the crisis to be presently described. Hunger will tame a lion; and it is probable that a continuous diet of bran and milk would much diminish the spirit of the king of beasts, even if it did not induce him to lie down with the lamb. This was Abbot's case; what he would have given for a lamb, on the sixth day of that involuntary abstinence, would make the high meat prices of our own metropolis seem cheapness. The seventh day (even in the Tyrol) was Sunday, and after their bran breakfast, instead of setting out to walk as usual, the Rev. Lane thus addressed his friend. His voice (as the matter was subsequently described to me by an unseen spectator of these proceedings, one whose beard and green spectacles concealed the fact of his British origin, and who kept his mouth shut lest he also should fall a victim to the oppressor), Lane's voice, I say, had an unctuous persuasiveness about it which it did not exhibit upon a week day; and while he spoke he held his doomed companion by his glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner in the ballad.

"Don't you think, Abbot, it would be very nice if we had a church service this morning?"

"It would be charming," answered the other, confidently; "only unfortunately there is nobody to attend it! There is not a Christian, or at least an Englishman—for I am sure that hairy man with spectacles cannot be one—within a hundred miles of us, so I don't see where you are to get your congregation."

"My dear fellow," answered the Di-

vine, softly laying his hand in episcopal manner upon the other's knee, "there is you, and there is I."

The earnest gravity of this remark, joined with the contemplation of what it was evidently leading up to, was such as to paralyze poor Abbot's already enfeebled powers; and his grammatical sense, which at home would have been outraged by the expression "There is I," was now only faintly irritated.

"There is I," he repeated mechanically.

"Just so," continued the Divine, with cheerful acquiescence. "I will read the service to you!"

"But there is no room where we can be alone, my good soul," pleaded Abbot.

In one part of the rude apartment in which they sat was a party of natives (among whom they included the bearded stranger) carousing over bran and milk, and in another the goat which supplied the milk was being taught a variety of accomplishments by the junior members of their host's family; especially to stand with all four legs upon a penny piece, generously supplied for that purpose by one of the two English visitors.

"Nay, my friend, there is our bedroom."

The remark was undeniable; there *was* their bed-room; accessible, though with difficulty, by a ladder that led out of the common room through a hole in the ceiling. In the early days of Christian persecution, or in Covenanting times in Scotland, such an apartment would, without doubt, have had its advantages as a place of public worship, since nobody would ever have suspected its being used for that purpose even by the most fanatical; but in that year of grace, 1873, it did seem a little — well, incongruous. That two people, and one of them the clergyman, should join in supplications for the Royal Family and for the high court of Parliament was in itself a somewhat astounding proposal, but that they should do so in a rickety chamber, with a roof so sloping that the congregation couldn't stand up even when so commanded by the Rubric, and with a running accompaniment of Tyrolese jargon coming up through the open space where the ladder was, revived in Abbot a transient sense of the ridiculous; but he was gone too far (through bran and milk) to discuss the matter.

They accordingly climbed up the ladder into this wretched apartment, and from the breast-pocket of his coat the Rev. Theophilus Lane produced a pair

of snow-white bands, and tied them round his neck. His design, it was therefore evident, had been premeditated, and in his countenance was an expression not only of fixed resolve but of placid triumph.

"Has he brought a surplice with him," thought the unhappy congregation, "or will he put on the counterpane?"

He did not, however, proceed to that extremity, but sat down, with the washing-stand — the only article of furniture in the room — between him and his helpless victim. A spectator who had not overheard their previous conversation would have imagined that they were about to baptize an infant.

The victim had never been so near an officiating clergyman before, and the Divine apparently fascinated him. He could not keep his eyes off those bands, one of which he perceived had a spot of ironmould upon it; would it annoy him (the congregation seemed to be thinking) if he should mention the fact? Not of course now; that was not to be thought of; but when the service was over — if 't ever should be over. He was spared nothing, absolutely nothing, except the Prayer for Rain; if a collection should presently be made from the congregation would he have to drop something into the soap dish, he wondered, and found himself reading the directions in the Prayer Book, instead of following his pastor. They were so close together that it was impossible to follow him. "In choirs and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem." Will he propose an anthem? The congregation could not sing; it would do anything to oblige, it had no force of will to resist its minister; bran and milk had sapped its vitals, but it could not sing. The reader was, for the most part, monotonous, but at times his voice gathered strength and volume — it seemed to the unseen spectator (who was now looking through the hole in the floor) at the wrong times; when he was talking about "the sinner," for example, he could not help casting a glance in the direction of his congregation, as much as to say, "You hear *that*." Abbot's lips were moving all this time — but as my informant imagined, by no means in devotional exercises. "This is hard," he seemed to be muttering to himself; "this is really very hard; he shall never have this chance again, by jingo — never, never. I will take care not to travel with him in future, except on week days; or if I do, I will take a

Dissenter with us; somebody that will protect one from him; who will have something to say on the other side of the question. How monotonous he is getting." . . . Here the victim (as my informant supposes) must have dropped asleep, for the tones of the Divine had a sharpness in them which savoured of reproof. But flesh and blood—or at least flesh and bran and milk, could not indefinitely endure such an infliction. The service had lasted three-quarters of an hour, though the congregation had not dared to look at its watch. However it was over now. The Rev. Lane was about to dismiss his hearer. "Now shall the priest let them depart," says the Rubric. A quaint but admirable sentence. What was he about now? "This is terrible, this is shameful," thought the spectator (and so do I). He produces a sort of black copy book from the pocket whence he took the bands. He is about to preach a sermon—a sermon, too, of his own composition.

The victim's emotions became obviously almost too much for him. His countenance revealed him to be indignant, irritated, and even revengeful, but he was not strong—the very worm it is said will turn, but not when it has been fed for six days on nothing but bran and milk—besides there was no room to turn. He was obliged to sit and listen. When he heard himself addressed as "my beloved brethren," and even as "my dear brothers and sisters," he did not remonstrate. In spite of those plural expressions, it is my informant's conviction that the discourse had not been delivered before; there were descriptions of Tyrolean scenery in it, allusions to a diet of locusts and honey, and other local colouring that proclaimed it to be a recent effort of its author, yet it was obviously framed for a larger audience. Poor Abbot was the housekeeper to whom this clerical Molière rehearsed his composition before trying it on his

congregation at home. Its reception was ensured, even if it should not prove to be an oratorical success. Tied and bound by a delicate sense of the becoming, the unfortunate congregation had to sit it through. If every point did not "tell," at all events it could not be escaped, the missile being cast as it were at such a very short range. When the Divine rose upon the wind of eloquence, my informant described his own sensations as those of one who is blown from a gun. What then must the sensations of the victim have been, who was still nearer to the impassioned preacher?

The victim never revealed his sufferings (though it is highly improbable that he ever forgot them), but my informant adjures me to make them public.

"Not," says he, "that it is possible such a catastrophe can occur in my own case; I will take good care of that. But I hope (in spite of what Lane said in his sermon) that I sometimes think of others; and I adjure you to put the human race upon their guard. Let no one travel alone with an enthusiastic Divine in a district unfrequented by his fellow countrymen, and towards the latter end of the week, lest a worse thing betide him than ever happened to that unhappy and depressed young man."

"Well, upon my life," said I, "I don't see how the adventure could have been more terrible."

"Yes, it might," returned he in a hushed voice, "I have had dreams—nightmare dreams—since I was witness to that occurrence, wherein the infliction took a form even yet more aggravated. Suppose that this Divine, so young and enthusiastic, and with such excellent lungs, had had the gift of preaching extempore? What would have stopped him? certainly not a congregation enfeebled by bran and milk; he might have gone on forever!"

And there is no doubt he might.

ONE of the last acts of King Amadeus of Spain was to found a National Chalcographic Institute for the promotion of the art of copper-plate engraving in Spain. It was proposed that the old plates belonging to the State should be reprinted, that all the most celebrated pictures of Spanish masters should be engraved by the best artists, and that a collection should be made of the portraits of dis-

tinguished Spaniards. The scheme, owing to the disturbances that have since taken place, has not been very thoroughly carried out, but several plates have been issued which are to be had at a low price. For instance the celebrated "Las Meninas" by Velasquez costs only 6 fr., and "The Virgin appearing to St. Ildefonso" by Murillo 10 fr.

Academy.